
T H E

LONDON REVIEW,

F O R A P R I L, 1777.

Miscellaneous Works of the late Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield: consisting of Letters to his Friends, never before printed, and various other Articles. To which are prefixed, Memoirs of his Life, tending to illustrate the Civil, Literary, and Political, History of his Time. By M. Maty, M. D. late Principal Librarian of the British Museum, and Secretary to the Royal Society. In Two Volumes, 4to. 2l. 2s. Dilly.

(Continued from Page 178.)

To the very ample extracts, we gave in last month's Review, from Dr. Maty's memoirs of our late noble author, we subjoined the Notes, intended to illustrate them. Those notes, however, are printed separately, in the work, at the end of the memoirs: a method of printing, in our opinion, by no means calculated for the convenience of the reader; whose eye is hence too often called off from the page, and his attention too much diverted from the text, to peruse it with satisfaction. In the present case, also, the writer hath so far betrayed his own want of attention as to reprint several parts of the text in the notes, without any appearance of necessity or propriety. It is to be hoped that in a future edition these errors will be corrected; as it remains to be wished that the writer of the memoirs had not confined himself so much to mere common-place reflection, in speaking of men and characters, that afforded so much room for the display of original sentiment. How trite and flat, for instance, is the following reflection on the circum-

stances of Mr. Gay. "By the success of his fables and the Beggar's Opera, that Poet was enriched as much as a poet commonly can, or perhaps ought to be enriched."—But why cannot, or ought not, a poet to be enriched as well as a writer of prose? Was Pope, or is Voltaire, a worse poet for being opulent? What necessary concatenation of causes is there between poverty and poetry? Surely none but what exists in the silly ideas, entertained by the vulgar; the association of which should not certainly be adopted by a philosopher.

The miscellaneous pieces, contained in these volumes are political essays and letters extracted from *Fog's Journal*, *Common-Sense*, *Old England*, or the *Constitutional Journal*, periodical papers that were published between the years 1735 and 1743, and moral and humorous essays published in the *World*, a paper carried on by Mr. Moore, author of the *Foundling*, and *Fables for the Female Sex*.* A speech on the licensing bill; an admirable oration, in which his Lordship displayed his oratorical talents in defence of the liberty of the press. Two speeches on the gin act passed in 1743. The first volume concluding with occasional letters and essays, among which is the following well-drawn portrait; which we apprehend to have never been before exhibited in public.

* On Lord Chesterfield's first becoming a correspondent to this paper, was given an instance of the truth of the satirical reflection, of the poet, on noble authors.

But if a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! How the stile refines!

Dr. Maty tells us, "This paper was set on foot by Mr. Moore, the ingenious author of the *Fables for the Female Sex*, and of the tragedy of the *Gamester*. He soon met with assistance from numerous correspondents, and as he informs us in the dedication of one of his volumes to Soame Jenyns, esq; who was himself one of the writers in it, the *World* became the only fashionable vehicle, in which men of rank and genius chose to convey their sentiments to the public. Lord Chesterfield was one of these; but, as he sent his first paper to the publisher without any notice from whence it came, it underwent but a slight inspection, and was very near being excluded on account of its length. This neglect would have stopped any future communications; but fortunately Lord Lyttleton happening to call at Mr. Doddsley's, this paper was shewn to him, He immediately knew the hand, and still more the manner of writing, of the noble author. Mr. Moore being informed of this discovery, read the manuscript more attentively, discerned its beauties, and thought proper not only to publish it directly, but to introduce it with an apology for the delay, and a compliment to the author."—Query how far this circumstance justifies the sarcasm, thrown out by a certain envious critic, viz. that Lord Chesterfield was a wit among Lords, and a Lord among wits. Rev.

The Character of RICHARD, Earl of Scarborough, August 29, 1759*.

"In drawing the character of lord Scarborough, I will be strictly upon my guard against the partiality of that intimate and unreserved friendship, in which we lived for more than twenty years; to which friendship, as well as the public notoriety of it, I owe much more than my pride will let my gratitude own. If this may be suspected to have biased my judgment, it must at the same time, be allowed to have informed it; for the most secret movements of his soul were, without disguise, communicated to me only. However, I will rather lower than heighten the colouring; I will mark the shades, and draw a credible rather than an exact likeness.

"He had a very good person, rather above the middle size; a handsome face, and when he was chearful, the most engaging countenance imaginable; when grave, which he was ofteneft, the most respectable one. He had in the highest degree the air, manners and address of a man of quality, politeness with ease, and dignity without pride.

"Bred in camps and courts, it cannot be supposed that he was untainted with the fashionable vices of these warm climates; but (if I may be allowed the expression) he dignified them, instead of their degrading him into any mean or indecent action. He had a good degree of classical, and a great one of modern, knowledge; with a just, and, at the same time, a delicate taste.

"In his common expences he was liberal within bounds; but in his charities and bounties he had none. I have known them put him to some present inconveniences.

"He was a strong, but not an eloquent or florid speaker in parliament. He spoke so unaffectedly the honest dictates of his heart, that truth and virtue, which never want, and seldom wear, ornaments, seemed only to borrow his voice. This gave such an astonishing weight to all he said, that he more than once carried an unwilling majority after him. Such is the authority of unsuspected virtue, that it will sometimes shame vice into decency at least.

"He was not only offered, but pressed to accept, the post of secretary of state; but he constantly refused it. I once tried to persuade him to accept it; but he told me, that both the natural warmth and melancholy of his temper made him unfit for it; and that moreover he knew very well that, in those ministerial employments, the course of business made it necessary to do many hard things, and some unjust ones, which could not be authorised by the jesuitical casuistry of the direction of the intention; a doctrine which he said he could not possibly adopt. Whether he was the first that ever made that objection, I cannot affirm; but I suspect that he will be the last.

"He was a true constitutional, and yet practicable patriot; a sincere lover and a zealous assertor of the natural, the civil, and the religious rights of his country. But he would not quarrel with the crown, for

* I received this piece from lady Chesterfield. Indeed it wants no marks of authenticity. The noble author's mind and heart are painted in it in the liveliest manner; and he who can read it without sharing his feelings, must have a soul very different from his.

some slight stretches of the prerogative; nor with the people, for some unwary ebullitions of liberty; nor with any one, for a difference of opinion in speculative points. He considered the constitution in the aggregate, and only watched that no one part of it should preponderate too much,

“ His moral character was so pure, that if one may say of that imperfect creature man, what a celebrated historian says of Scipio, *nil non laudandum aut dixit, aut fecit, aut sensit*, I sincerely think, (I had almost said I know) one might say it with great truth of him, one single instance excepted, which shall be mentioned.

“ He joined to the noblest and strictest principles of honour and generosity the tenderest sentiments of benevolence and compassion; and as he was naturally warm, he could not even hear of an injustice or a baseness, without a sudden indignation, nor of the misfortunes or miseries of a fellow creature, without melting into softness, and endeavouring to relieve them. This part of his character was so universally known, that our best and most satyrical English poet says;

When I confess, there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, Scarb'rough need I name?

“ He had not the least pride of birth and rank, that common narrow notion of little minds, that wretched mistaken succedaneum of merit; but he was jealous to anxiety of his character, as all men are who deserve a good one. And such was his diffidence upon that subject, that he never could be persuaded that mankind really thought of him as they did. For surely never man had a higher reputation, and never man enjoyed a more universal esteem. Even knaves respected him; and fools thought they loved him. If he had any enemies (for I protest I never knew one), they could only be such as were weary of always hearing Aristides the Just.

“ He was too subject to sudden gusts of passion, but they never hurried him into illiberal or indecent expression or action; so invincibly habitual to him were good-nature and good-manners. But, if ever any word happened to fall from him in wrath, which upon subsequent reflection he himself thought too strong, he was never easy till he had made more than a sufficient atonement for it.

“ He had a most unfortunate, I will call it a most fatal kind of melancholy in his nature, which often made him both absent and silent in company, but never morose or sour. At other times he was a cheerful and agreeable companion; but, conscious that he was not always so, he avoided company too much, and was too often alone, giving way to a train of gloomy reflexions.

“ His constitution, which was never robust, broke rapidly at the latter end of his life. He had two severe strokes of apoplexy or palsy, which considerably affected his body and his mind.

“ I desire that this may not be looked upon as a full and finished character, writ for the sake of writing it; but as my solemn deposit of the truth to the best of my knowledge. I owed this small tribute of justice, such as it is, to the memory of the best man I ever knew, and of the dearest friend I ever had.”

The

The second volume of these Miscellanies contains Lord Chesterfield's letters to and from his friends, on various subjects and occasions; the first bearing date in the year 1712, when the writer was a student at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and the last in the year 1771, not long before his lordship's decease.— They are distributed into classes or books: the first containing letters written in French and translated into English. From these we shall select, for the entertainment of our readers, the translation of two letters from the celebrated Crebillon the younger, with his lordship's answer.

From Mr. CREBILLON* to Lord CHESTERFIELD.

Paris, February 23, 1742.

" My Lord,

" I never read a word of yours, but what lays me under fresh obligation, and increases, if possible, the lively gratitude I owe for your favours. I have felt, more than I could express, all that you have been pleased to do for me.

" I am not ignorant that it was in the midst of circumstances which were of importance to England, and which must have given you full employment, that you have condescended to think of my book, and to be anxious for my situation. I will not pretend to thank you for your generous concern; all I could say, my lord, would fall too far short of what you do, and of what I feel. I should not be ashamed of not speaking elegantly, but I should be so, to find that I could not express, as strongly as I ought, the sentiments of respect I have for your lordship. Permit me to use the word gratitude; be the benefactor's rank what it will, it cannot offend him. When the sentiment it expresses is a true one, I think it may be admitted, and it can only displease when it is a mere compliment.

" A propos, my lord, I owe you one if our accounts are true, but I think I ought to congratulate England, and not you †. Permit me then to beg that you will take care of your health. It will be doing a great service to your country, if you preserve your own life; but this is a truth we know better than you, and I am very much afraid that all your friends together will not be able to convince you of it.

" At last, my lord, the Sopha is come out; and methinks it seems to take, but not without opposition. Though all our women think like Phenima, there is not one but is offended at the character of Zulica. The severest criticism falls upon this story. Nobody can conceive there can be a man in the world so little acquainted with

* Son to the French poet of that name, and author of some witty and satirical novels. The manners of the age, and especially of the French nations, have been no where so strongly marked as in the writings of this author. He professes that his object was to expose vice, and to mend both the mind and the heart of his countrymen. It may be so: but virtue must blush that her advocate should have indulged in images and descriptions likely to inflame rather than extinguish passions.

† The report of lord Chesterfield being appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland.

women, as to draw such pictures of them. They tell you it is but an imaginary character, which is neither copied from nature nor from probability. Women are tender, very true; they have their frailties, very well; possibly they may: but to suppose that they are grossly immoral, that they are false, that they can be determined by any other motive than sensibility, in short, that they are to be conquered in less than an hour; this is without example, and can only be represented by the blackest of men. What appears to me to be more rational than all these exclamations is, that I am charged with being tedious in this very story, in which, by wanting to copy nature too closely, I have really been too prolix. If it is right to copy nature, it should only be done, so far as it may afford pleasure. If the likeness is ever so striking, when it conveys none but disagreeable ideas, or tires the spectator, the painter is but a bungler: this is the very thing that has happened to me. Persuaded as I was, that the thing a woman owns with the greatest reluctance, is the number of her gallantries, I have too long postponed Zulica's false confession; and though I have endeavoured to keep up the conversation, by introducing characters, and ideas, I found it impossible not to tire the reader.

"Another very serious accusation is, that I had promised a tale, and have given a book, where I have brought in morality, and a picture of human life. Strange and wild conceits, enchantments, magic trick, this is what the public expected. I flatter myself, my lord, that the London critics will not attack me on this article; and that they will forgive me, if I have not been so trifling as I had given room to expect. The bigots exclaim; hitherto, however, I am let alone, and I hope that, as my book is found so serious, the ministry will not proceed against it*. Though my critics are so severe, I dare believe that the Sopha will not hurt my reputation, and that possibly it may, in time be that of all my writings which will meet with the greatest indulgence. It had been too well, and too long ushered in, not to appear inferior to its fame; and, had it been ever so perfect, I question whether many faults would not have been found with it, on its first appearance.

"It is not unlikely, my lord, that in a month's time I shall have very different accounts to send you on this subject. I have shewn too little indulgence to the ladies, and to fools and knaves, to expect they should not unite against me. Had I been more of the courtier, and less blunt, I should probably have had more admirers; perhaps too, it is only self-love that makes me think so: for an author is so foolish, his vanity is so easily hurt, he finds so many contrivances to escape being mortified, that I might very possibly fancy I had enemies, when I had none but the most equitable judges in the world. I heartily wish it may not have tired you, if you have given it a second reading; and would beg the favour of you, my lord, if you had time to spare, to give me your opinion about it; that, rectified by your criticism, I might one day give an edition of the Sopha, that would not disgrace its protector.

* In this he was mistaken, as appears from the following letter. He was ordered to quit the capital. His punishment resembled that of Ovid: the liberties he took with some great men, and even with the sovereign, were the true causes of his temporary exile.

"A fin-

"A singular thing, which I had forgot to mention, is that the women have not found obscenity enough in the book. I do not know what your London ladies may think of the matter.

"I have received but two or three of the letters you have done me the honor to write to me. I trespass upon your patience, so shall conclude with requesting that you will still find time to read me now and then.

I am, my lord, with all imaginable respect,
Your most obedient humble servant,
C R E B I L L O N."

FROM THE SAME.

Paris, July 26, 1742.

"It would certainly be an unparalleled instance of good-nature, and such as, in my heart, I could not approve, though I were the object of it, if you should think me capable of ingratitude towards you, and could forgive it. I have been but three weeks without writing to you; and this interval I allowed myself, only because in the last letter I ever received from you, which is that in which you set me right in the affair of the Sopha, you told me you was going to Spa, and I thought I must allow you time to get thither. As the post has not thought proper to bring me your last letters, I knew nothing of your staying in England; and towards the beginning of this month, I wrote to you to Spa. If you should recover that letter, my lord, you will see that I was duly sensible of what your generous friendship had suggested for me. As it is very possible it may never be sent you, as the post has not of late been very attentive to those kind of things, I will endeavour, my lord, to recollect what I said in that letter.

"You are the man in the world from whom I should soonest accept assistance, because you are of all men him whom I most esteem; and because I am of opinion that the same principle which prompts you to oblige, is the only one which can suffer us to contract obligations; and that nothing is so grating as to be beholden to one whom you would be ashamed to own as a benefactor. I beg, therefore, my lord, you will not think it is out of pride that I have refused your kind offer; I am incapable of any such impertinence. What I prize most in the world is your friendship. I had no right to expect that such small talents as mine should ever entitle me to so valuable an acquisition, and I shall never forget that I owe it much more to your goodness than to my own merit. I am so sincerely devoted to you, that, with your generous disposition, you must feel more satisfaction in having a faithful servant, than vexation in having an unprofitable one.

"I am glad you drink the Bath waters, as I suppose the physicians have thought them more adviseable than those of Spa; but I could have wished it had been otherwise, as I had flattered myself that, at your return, you would have come and spent some time in France; and I had already laid some very pretty schemes for the time you would be amongst us.

"At last my banishment is at an end; and, thank God, I can now hold up my head in Paris. I don't think I shall avail myself much of the

the permission that has been granted me to live there, nor do I believe I shall return thither before winter, unless you should come, which I cannot now hope for, after your Bath journey.

"We have nothing new here, but an impertinence of Voltaire's, who has taken it into his head to congratulate the K. of P. on the fine trick he plays us. I think, if it is extremely foolish to be so wedded to one's own country, as to admire its follies, and to fancy that no kind of merit is to be found but at home, there is an extreme meanness in not resenting the affronts that are put upon it. The philosopher may be less hurt by such things than another man, but he must be no patriot who can rejoice at them. Though the ministry have not been pleased with this letter, they have been wise enough to take no notice of it, and have not thought, like the public, that the author ought to be banished.

"I told your lordship in that letter which miscarried, that, discouraged by all the nonsense I heard about my last work, I was a long while before I would or could write any thing more, and when I could, I did not find myself in a condition to go on with the book, of which you permitted me to read you a specimen last year. However, as I was desirous of employing my time, which, in the country, rather hangs heavy upon the hands of a man who has no avocations, who does not love cards, and who is free from all other passions, I betook myself to writing, and went on with a little novel, somewhat historical, very simple, and yet written in the most pompous style. It is a mere trifle, but I bestow as much attention upon it as if it were the most considerable work in the world. In a word, I consider that you are to read it; and that is sufficient to induce me not to neglect it. I hope it will be fit to appear, and that you will permit me to send it you.

"If it were not for Pamela, my lord, we should be at a loss what to read, and what to talk of. I have at last read it in my turn, and, whatever our censorious triflers of both sexes may say, who judge only by fine writing, and make the jargon of their own tea-tables the standard of every thing, I have found it very interesting. I could have wished indeed, that the translation had been somewhat more elegant. There are many low expressions, which seem to be more the translator's fault than the author's. One thing I like, though many people dislike it here, is, that he has kept up to the manners of the original, and has not foolishly substituted our own. Pamela in a French dress would, in my opinion, have been very ridiculous.

"In the midst of a thousand little trifling circumstances, which in themselves do not seem calculated to engage the attention, or to move the passions, but which necessarily arise from the mean station of the heroine, the reader feels himself so affected as to shed tears; at least the book has made me cry more than once. I find it full of sound moral, sentiment, truth, workings of the heart well hit off, and well laid open; but sometimes too the same workings are brought on again, and produce no new sensation, which I think a great fault. For, in my opinion, the same thing should never be represented over again, when once it has spent its force, unless it is productive of some fresh incident, still more striking than the former; which is not the case with Pamela, where the very same picture is exhibited over and over, to no manner of purpose.

"For

"For my part, my lord, I have found Pamela more vain than virtuous. Her pride is hurt by being attacked like a woman of the town, and she is displeased at her admirer, for taking liberties without ever having made love to her. I shall say as Mr. B.... I would lay any wager, that a French *petit maître*, who should have sacrificed to Pamela's pride some of the pretty speeches he reserved for a dutchess, wrote her some *billets doux*, kissed her hands five or six times, and thrown himself at her feet, would have prevailed in less than a fortnight.

"If he repents having married her, he may thank himself. Besides, to say the truth, I find her so silly and so awkward after marriage! I observe she never prays in bed, which is, I believe, the only piece of furniture in her house that does not afford matter for her pious ejaculations. I am told the author is preparing a sequel; methinks his fourth volume should be a warning to him to let that alone. But I am aware that I am growing as tedious as that volume. You must forgive me, as I have been so long without saying a word to you.

I am, my lord, with all imaginable respect and attachment,
C R E B I L L O N."

TO M. C R E B I L L O N.

S I R,

London, Aug. 26, O. S.

"The post has of late been more propitious to me than usual, and has brought me your two last letters in due time. If it has brought you my letters as punctually, you will have seen by my last, that I was no longer under that uneasiness, which former disappointments had given me. Now, I even think myself obliged to the post for its negligence, which has procured me such flattering marks of your friendship, and of your sentiments for me. I may assure you with truth that they are reciprocal; but it is my misfortune, that though my sentiments are the same, I have not the same power of expressing them.

"Some advantageous truths there are, which favour too much of flattery, for want of a certain delicacy in the manner of telling them; as there is a kind of flattery, which, by the help of that delicacy, appears to be but plain truth. That talent is peculiarly yours, and has almost made me believe that I deserved all you say of me.

"I confess my foible with regard to flattery. I am as fond of it as Voltaire can possibly be; but with this difference, that I love it only from a masterly hand. I am dainty, he is greedy of it. I have a good natural appetite for it, he an insatiable craving, which makes him eagerly devour it, though served up by the very worst of cooks.

"I am very sensible that all this is just the same, as if I were to say, Pray, sir, flatter me as much as you please, I shall be heartily glad of it. I do not deny the charge, nor am I ashamed of it. *Laudari à laudato viro*, has at all times been accounted a very pardonable ambition; and Tully, writing to such another as yourself, tells him more than once, *orna me*.

"I understand that perfectly well; but I cannot comprehend how a man is not disgusted at the flattery of those whose approbation would be a disgrace to him if it were real.

K k

Voltaire

"Voltaire rehearsed to me last year, at Brussels, several passages out of his Mahomet, in which I found some very fine lines, and some thoughts more brilliant than just. But I soon perceived that he had Jesus Christ in view, in the character of Mahomet; and I wondered this had not been observed at Lille, where it had been acted just before I arrived there. I even met with a good catholic at Lille, who had more zeal than penetration, and who was greatly edified at the manner in which that impostor, and enemy to christianity, was represented.

"As for unconnected scenes, and misplaced incidents, if you do not like them, you do not like Voltaire. In his writings, his subject is out of the question; and all you are to expect is, bold fallies, and a set of brilliant and singular notions, which he wants to convey to the public, no matter where or how.

"This I could overlook; he is not the first author who has been carried away, by a lively imagination, beyond the bounds of reason and accuracy; but what I cannot forgive him, and what is really unpardonable, is the great pains he takes to propagate a doctrine, alike pernicious to civil society, and contrary to the general religion of all countries.

"I much question whether it is allowable for any man to write against the worship and belief of his own country, even if he were convinced in his own mind that they were not free from error, on account of the disturbance and disorder it would occasion. But I am very certain no man is at liberty to attack the foundations of all morality, and to break those ties, which are so necessary, and already too weak, to restrain mankind within the bounds of duty.

"Notwithstanding all the foppery, errors, and impertinence of authors, I will never consent to your giving up the name, much less the trade. The public would be too great a loser, and so should I, and yourself too. Besides, the more defects are observable in any set of men, the more creditable it is to belong to that society, and yet be free from its defects, which is the case with you.

"Amongst writing animals, as you define authors, the animal that writes well is as scarce, as the animal that makes use of his reason is amongst rational animals, as we are called. Go on then, and in spite of all the male and female coxcombs, continue to deserve the distinction you have acquired on so many accounts, and even add to it, by adding to the number of your volumes. Give us but enough, and I am in no care for the rest. *De te nam cætera sumus.*"

Book the Second contains Letters to Solomon Dayrolles, Esq; and some other friends. In this series are contained a number of entertaining and instructive anecdotes of public characters and transactions. We can spare room, however; only for one letter.

To SOLOMON DAYROLLES, Esq; at the Hague.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

London, Feb. 28, 1757.

"I have been too long in your debt: but the true reason has been, that I had no specie to pay you in; and what I give you even now, does not amount to a penny in the pound. Public matters have been long,

long, and are still, too undecypherable for me to understand, consequently to relate. Fox out of place, takes the lead in the house of commons; Pitt, secretary of state, declares that he is no minister, and has no ministerial influence. The duke of Newcastle and lord Hardwicke lye by, and declare themselves for neither party. Byng is reprieved for a fortnight; what will become of him at last, God knows; for the late admiralty want to shoot him to excuse themselves; and the present admiralty want to save him, in order to lay the blame upon their predecessors.

"The fright, that your friend Mr. Van-haaren has put the Dutch into, by telling them the French army is intended for Cleves and Gueldres, is a most idle alarm. They are not of importance enough to be in danger; nobody thinks of them now. Hanover is evidently the object, and the only rational one, of the operations of the French army; not as Hanover, but belonging to the King of England, and that electorate is to be a reply to the present state of Saxony. The fields of Bohemia and Moravia will become Golgothas, or fields of blood, this year; for probably an hundred thousand human creatures will perish there this year, for the quarrel of two individuals. The king of Prussia will, I suppose, seek for battle, in which, I think, he will be victorious. The Austrians will, I suppose, avoid it if they can, and endeavour to destroy his armies, as they did the French ones in the last war, by harrassing, intercepting convoys, killing stragglers, and all the feats of their irregulars. These are my political dreams, or prophecies, for perhaps they do not deserve the name of reasonings.

"The Bath did me more good than I thought any thing could do me; but all that good does not amount to what builders call half-repairs, and only keeps up the shattered fabric a little longer than it would have stood without them; but take my word for it, it will stand but a very little while longer. I am now on my grand climacteric, and shall not compleat it. Fontenelle's last words at a hundred, were, *Je souffre d'être (a)*: (I feel the pain of being). Deaf and infirm as I am, I can with truth say the same thing at sixty-three. In

(a) Lord Chesterfield wrote this but six weeks after the death of Fontenelle; but, as his information of that celebrated Frenchman's observations on his own death is imperfect, the readers will not be displeased to find here a more accurate, as well as fuller, account of his dying words, given us by his countryman M. le Cat in his eulogy of that great man: "His end was the last period of a machine, settled by the laws of nature. His death was not preceded by any sickness; nine days before it happened, he perceived a considerable diminution in his strength, and prepared for his dissolution, by performing the duties of an honest man and a christian. It proved, however, much slower than he expected, which made him say three days before his last: *I did not think I should have made so much ado about dying*. He continued a philosopher to the last, and preserved the full enjoyment of all his faculties. He reflected upon his own situation, just as he would have done upon that of another man, and seemed to be observing a phenomenon. Drawing very near his end, he said, *this is the first death I have ever seen*; and his physician having asked him, whether he was in pain, or what he felt, his answer was, *I feel nothing but a difficulty of existing*. (*Jé ne sens autre chose qu'une difficulté d'être.*)

my mind, it is only the strength of our passions, and the weakness of our reason, that make us so fond of life ; but, when the former subside and give way to the latter, we grow weary of being, and willing to withdraw. I do not recommend this train of serious reflections to you, nor ought you to adopt them. Our ages, our situations are widely different. You have children to educate and and provide for, you have all your senses, and can enjoy all the comforts both of domestic and social life. I am in every sense *isolé*, and have wound up all my bottoms. I may now walk off quietly, neither missing nor missed. Till when

Yours most sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD."

Book the Third contains Letters to Dr. Richard Chenevix, Bishop of Waterford, and other friends in Ireland.—From this correspondence we shall select two or three short epistles ; descriptive of our noble author's humorous disposition and placid temper of mind even at the close of his life.

To Dr. R. CHENEVIX, Lord Bishop of Waterford.

Bath, Nov. 21, 1757.

MY DEAR LORD,

" I shall make but a very unsatisfactory return to your kind inquiries and solicitude about my health, when I tell you that but three days ago, I had a very strong attack of my usual illness, which has left me still weak and languid. I thought myself the better for the waters, which I have now drank a month, till this relapse came and undeceived me. All mineral waters, and the whole *materia medica*, lose their efficacy upon my shattered carcase ; and the enemy within is too hard for them. I bear it all with patience, and without melancholy, because I must bear it whether I will or no. Physical ills are the taxes laid upon this wretched life ; some are taxed higher, and some lower, but all pay something. My philosophy teaches me to reflect, how much higher, rather than how much lower, I might have been taxed. How gentle are my physical ills, compared with the exquisite torments of the gout, stone, &c. ! The faculties of my mind are, thank God, not yet much impaired ; and they comfort me in my worst moments, and amuse me in the best.

" I read with more pleasure than ever ; perhaps, because it is the only pleasure I have left. For, since I am struck out of living company by my deafness, I have recourse to the dead whom alone I can hear ; and I have assigned them their stated hours of audience. Solid *folios* are the people of business, with whom I converse in the morning. *Quartos* are the easier mixed company, with whom I sit after dinner ; and I pass my evenings in the light, and often frivolous, *chit-chat* of small *quavos* and *duodecimos*. This, upon the whole, hinders me from wishing for death, while other considerations hinder me from fearing it.

" Does lord Clanbrasil bring in his register bill this session ? If he can keep it short, clear, and mild, it will be in my opinion a very good one.

one. Some time or other, though God knows when, it will be found out in Ireland, that the popish religion and influence cannot be subdued by force, but may be undermined and destroyed by art. Allow the papists to buy lands, let and take leases equally with the protestants, but subject to the gavel act, which will always have its effect upon their posterity at least. Tye them down to the government by the tender but strong bonds of landed property, which the pope will have much ado to dissolve, notwithstanding his power of loosening and binding. Use those who come over to you, though perhaps only seemingly at first, well and kindly, instead of looking for their cloven feet and their tails as you do now. Increase both your number, and your care of the protestant charter schools. Make your penal laws extremely mild, and then put them strictly in execution.

Hæ tibi erunt artes.

(These will be your arts.)

This would do in time, and nothing else will, nor ought. I would as soon murder a man for his estate, as prosecute him for his religious and speculative errors; and, since I am in a way of quoting verses I will give you three out of Walth's famous ode to King William,

Nor think it a sufficient cause,
To punish men by penal laws,
For not believing right.

I am very glad that your daughter is recovered. I am glad that you are well, and whatever you are glad of will upon my word gladden

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD."

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR LORD,

Blackheath, May 23, 1758.

"I have received your letter of the 4th instant. The day afterwards I received the book which you was so kind as to send me by major Macculloch, and the day after that, by Mr. Russel, your bill for expences incurred and not provided for, which I have paid.

"Now, first to the first. You solicit a very poor employment so modestly, and offered your daughters as a security for your good behaviour, that I cannot refuse it you, and do hereby appoint you my sole commissioner for the kingdom of Ireland. To the second. This ninth volume * of Swift will not do him so much honour, as I hope it will bring profit to my friend George Faulkner. The historical part † is a party pamphlet, founded on the lie of the day, which, as lord Bolingbroke who had read it, often assured me, was coined and delivered out to him, to write Examiners, and other political papers upon. That spirit remarkably runs through it. Macarteny, for instance, murdered duke Hamilton; nothing is falser, for though Macarteny was very capable of the vilest actions, he was guiltless of that; as I myself can

* The ninth volume of Faulkner's edition.

† The history of the four last years of the queen.

testify,

testify, who was at his trial in the king's bench, when he came over voluntarily to take it, in the late king's time. There did not appear even the least ground for a suspicion of it, nor did Hamilton, who appeared in court, pretend to tax him with it, which would have been in truth accusing himself of the utmost baseness, in letting the murderer of his friend go off from the field of battle, without either resentment, pursuit, or even accusation, till three days afterwards. This lie was invented to inflame the Scotch nation against the whigs; as the other, that prince Eugene intended to murder lord Oxford, by employing a set of people called Mohocks, which society, by the way never existed, was calculated to inflame the mob of London. Swift took those hints *de la meilleure foi du monde*, and thought them materials for history. So far he is blameless.

"Thirdly and lastly, I paid Mr. Ruffel the twenty-seven pounds five shillings, for which you drew your bill. I hope you are sensible that I need not have paid it till I had received the goods, or at least till I had proofs of your having sent them, but where I have in general a good opinion of the person, I always proceed frankly, and do not stand upon forms, and I have without flattery so good an opinion of you, that I would trust you not only with twenty seven pounds, but even as far as thirty seven.

"Your friend's letter to you, inclosed in the book, is an honest and melancholic one: but what can I do in it? He seems not to know the nature of factions in Ireland; the prevailing for the time being is absolute, and who so transgresseth the least of their commandments is guilty of the whole. A lord lieutepant may if he pleases govern alone, but then he must, as I know by experience, take a great deal more trouble upon himself than most lord lieutenants care to do, and he must not be afraid: but as they commonly prefer *otium cum dignitate*, their guards, their battle axes, and their trumpets, not to mention perhaps, the profits of their post, to a laborious execution of it, they must necessarily rule by a faction for the time being, they are only the first slaves: the condition of the obligation is this, your excellency or your grace wants to carry on his majesty's business smoothly, and to have it to say when you go back, that you met with no difficulties, this we have sufficient strength in parliament to engage for, provided we appear to have the favour and countenance of the government, the money, be it what it will, shall be cheerfully voted; as for the public you shall do what you will, or nothing at all, for we care for that no more than we suppose your grace or excellency does, but we repeat it again, our recommendations to places, pensions, &c. must prevail, or we shall not be able to keep our people in order. These are always the expressed, or at least the implied, conditions of these treaties, which either the indolence or the insufficiency of the governors ratify: from that moment these undertakers bury the governor alive, but indeed pompously: different from the worshipful company of undertakers here, who seldom bury any body alive, or at least never without the consent and privity of the next heirs.

"I am now settled here for the summer, perhaps for ever, in great tranquillity of mind, not equally of body; I make the most of it, I
vegetate

vegetate with the vegetables, and I crawl with the insects in my garden, and I am, such as I am, most faithfully and sincerely

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD."

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, June 2, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

"I am now in possession of the goods you procured me, and they are both excellent in their kind; but how difficult, not to say impossible, it is to find an honest factor! You have not cheated me it is true, but you have most grossly defrauded the bishop of Waterford, as appears by your own account here inclosed, you set down two pieces and fourteen yards yards of cloth £.16. 7s. 3d. whereas I have received seven pieces and fourteen yards, which must certainly come to a great deal more. *Item*, you set down but six dozen and six pints of Usquebaugh, whereas I have received nine dozen and six, for which you put down only £.13. 5s. and which makes it as cheap as porter's ale. Pray retrieve your character, which is at stake, and clear up this matter to the Bishop, and to

Your faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD."

In a subsequent letter dated in the same year, his lordship writes to the bishop in the following words.

"I am extremely obliged to you for your kind letter of the 2d, and, thank God, can return you a more satisfactory answer than for some time past, I have been able to do. In the first place I am alive, which neither I nor any body else, six months ago, thought that I should be. In the next place my old, crazy, and shattered carcase enjoys more negative health than it has done for a long time. I owe this unexpected amendment to milk, which, in this my second infancy, I live upon almost as entirely as I did in my first. Asses, cows, and even goats club to maintain me. I have in particular a white *amalieba*, that strays upon the heath all day, and selects the most salutary and odoriferous herbs, which she brings me night and morning filtrated into milk. Thus I rub on in a tolerable mediocrity; life is neither a burthen nor a pleasure to me, but a certain degree of *ennui* necessarily attends that neutral state, which makes me very willing to part with it, when he who placed me here thinks fit to call me away."

Upwards of ten years afterwards we yet find his lordship living and writing in much the same strain.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR LORD,

London, June 14, 1770.

"I have long told you, and you have as long found, that I was an anomalous noun, I can hardly say a substantive, for I grow weaker and weaker every day, particularly in my legs and my thighs, so that I can walk very little at a time, and am obliged to take my share of exercise by

by several snatches in the day : but this is by no means the worst part of my present case, for the humour that has fallen into my eyes about a year ago rather increases than decreases, and to a degree that makes writing and reading very troublesome to me, as they were the only comforts that a deaf old fellow could have : if I should lose my eyes as well as my ears, I should be of all men the most miserable.

“ You know that you have long been in possession of cloathing me ; and I must now apply to you to do so again, not only as an act of friendship, but of charity, for I have not a shirt to my back. I therefore must beg of you to procure me some Irish linen to make me four dozen of shirts, much about the same fineness and price of the last which you got me. I know you too well to make any excuses for giving you this trouble. Adieu ! my dear lord, you know my sentiments with regard to you, too well for me to mention them. I am,

Most sincerely and faithfully,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.”

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR LORD,

London, Aug. 15, 1770.

“ The linen, which you were so kind as to procure me, dropped out of the clouds into my house in town last week, and is declared, by better judges than I am, very good, and very cheap. I shall not thank you for it, but on the contrary expect your thanks for giving you an opportunity of doing what always gives you pleasure, *cloathing the naked*. I am sure that, could you equally relieve all my wants, you would ; but there is no relief for the miseries of a crazy old age, but patience ; and as I have many of Job’s ills, I thank God, I have some of his patience too, and I consider my present wretched old age as a just compensation for the follies, not to say sins, of my youth.

“ I send you here inclosed some melon-seed, of the best and largest canteloup kind, and also of the green Persian sort, as much as I can venture at one time with the post ; but as none can be sown at this time of the year, I will from time to time send you more, so that you shall have of different kinds before the season. Adieu, my dear lord ; my eyes will have it so.”

TO THE SAME.

London, Aug. 12, 1771.

MY DEAR LORD,

“ I received your kind letter three days ago, and make haste to acknowledge it, never knowing nor guessing what may happen to me from one day to another. I am most prodigiously old, and every month of the kalendar adds at least a year to my age. My hand trembles to that degree that I can hardly hold my pen, my understanding stutters, and my memory fumbles. I have exhausted all the physical ills of Pandora’s box, without finding hope at the bottom of it ; but who can hope at seventy-seven ? One must only seek for little comforts at that age. One
of

of mine is, that all my complaints are rather teasing than torturing; and my lot, compared with that of many other people's, who deserve a better, seems rather favourable. Philosophy, and confidence in the mercy of my Creator, mutually assist me in bearing my share of physical ills, without murmuring."

To these letters to the Bishop of Waterford are added some others to Thomas Prior, Esq; a gentleman of Ireland, of whom mention is made in the Memoirs. There are also added two or three Letters already published, that passed about the year 1730, between Lord Chesterfield and Dean Swift: Also two political Epistles to the Earl of Stair; but having extended this article to a considerable length, we shall take our leave of it, with observing that we are a little disappointed in not finding our noble author's poetical effusions contained in this voluminous miscellany. Perhaps the ingenious editor had as little taste * for poetry, as regard for poets, and therefore thought them unworthy notice.

W.

A Commentary, with Notes, on the four Evangelists and the Acts of the Apostles; together with a new Translation of St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians, with a Paraphrase and Notes. To which are added other Theological Pieces. By Zachariah Pearce, D. D. late Lord Bishop of Rochester. To the whole is prefixed, some Account of his Lordship's Life and Character, written by himself. Published from the original Manuscripts, By John Derby, A. M. his Lordship's Chaplain, and Rector of Southfleet and Longfield. 2 vols. 4to, Cadell.

(Continued from Page 192.)

To our venerable author's translation and paraphrase, on St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, is prefixed the following advertisement; written, we are told, about eight months before his decease.

"It may seem no Recommendation of the following Work, for the Author to inform his Readers, that it was drawn up above fifty Years ago, viz. in the Years 1720 and 1721, and that in the Year 1728 twelve Copies of it were printed for his own private Use; unless, at the same time, he could inform them that it has received some Alterations, which, he hopes, are Improvements, as in the Advance of his Age his Judgement increased, and as he met in his Reading Things worthy of being observed for the Purpose. The Alterations indeed were not many, nor very considerable: But such as the Work now is he offers it to the Publick, as what he hopes will make the true Meaning of the Apostle, in many Places of this Epistle, better understood, than they have [it has] been generally hitherto."

* It is, indeed, remarkable that in the few lines he has noticed in his memoirs, he has so misquoted them as to deprive them of their greatest propriety and beauty.

It would be doing injustice to the translator not to own that his version though not altogether unexceptionable, is in many places more accurate than any other we have met with. The critical reader will form a judgement, in some degree, for himself from the following specimen; accompanied by the paraphrase and notes.

P A R T I.

S E C T. I.

"In this section St. Paul complains of the divisions among the Corinthians; against which he argues and exhorts several ways. This section begins at ver. 10. of the 1st chap. and lasts to the end of the 4th chap. but in the latter part of the 17th ver. of chap. 1. St. Paul digresses upon his manner of preaching the Gospel, and says, that it was not done by human wisdom, but by the wisdom of heaven, and by the power of miracles wrought in confirmation of that wisdom: and this digression, which is one of the largest in this epistle, reaches from the middle of the 17th ver. of the 1st chap. to the end of the 2d chap.

Chap. I. ver. 10——end of Chap. IV.

T E X T.

P A R A P H R A S E.

10 Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no (G) divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and the same judgement:

11 *This I say*, for those, who are of the family of Chloe, have informed me concerning you, my brethren, that there are contentions among you:

12 And I speak this, because every one of you saith, I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas, (H) and I of Christ.

10 Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye have no difference of opinions and party appellations among you, and that there be no divisions among you, but that ye be all united in one mind and in one judgement: 11 For I am told, my brethren, by some of the house of Chloe, that there are contentions among you: 12 and I say contentions, because ye all name yourselves from different leaders; one crying, I am a follower of Paul; another, I am of Apollos; and another, I am of Cephas or Peter. What can ye mean by

N O T E S.

(G) *Divisions*, *οἰσμοῖς*] It does not appear, that the Corinthians separated communion one from another; which is now a-days the sense of the word *schisms*, put here in the margin of our Bible: the word *οἰσμοῖς* in this verse is explained by what St. Paul adds, *viz.* that they did not all speak the same thing, and were of different minds and judgments; which may be, and yet communion not be broken: and the word *οἰσμοῖς* signifies still less in ch. xi. 18. see my note there.

(H) *And I of Christ*] I suspect that these words were not in the original, and are not genuine. Methinks it is not reasonable to suppose, that any

Corinthians

T E X T.

P A R A P H R A S E.

13 Hath Christ been divided? was Paul crucified upon your account? or were ye baptized into the name of Paul?

14 I thank God that I baptized none of you, except Crispus and Gaius:

15 (I) So that no one can say, that ye were baptized into my name:

this? 13 Is Christ divided? are there any true followers of his, that preach contrary one to another? or why must you be denominated from apostles only? for was it Paul who was crucified for you? or were you baptized into the name of Paul? no, whoever of you were baptized, and whoever baptized you, ye were baptized into the name of Christ. 14 I am extremely glad and thankful to God, that I baptized none of you, except Crispus and Gaius; 15 so that no one can say, that ye were baptized into my name, I not so much as baptizing the ge-

N O T E S.

Corinthians had heard Christ preach, and therefore professed to follow him only: all which they learned concerning Christ, they learned from the Apostles and other teachers; and they therefore followed some teacher or other, and called themselves Followers of that their Teacher. Besides, in the following verse it is said, *is Christ divided?* which supposes Christ the common subject, that all the several teachers went upon, and instructed the Corinthians in: it would not therefore have been proper to say (*is Christ divided?*) if Christ had been one particular, from which a party among them pretended to take their name and doctrine. Again, in ch. iii. 22. St. Paul, alluding to these words, has there only, *Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, &c.* without mentioning Christ, unless in the next verse, as the common lesson, which all the teachers whatsoever professed to instruct them in. Lastly, to strengthen this suspicion of mine, it may be proper to produce a passage of Clement in his first epistle to the Corinth. ch. xlvii. which in Archbishop Wake's translation runs thus, *Take the Epistle of the blessed Paul into your hands: what was it that he wrote to you in the very beginning of his instructions to you? Verily he did by the Spirit admonish you concerning himself, and Cephas, and Apollos, so much as even then ye had begun to fall into parties and factions.* These words seem to refer to this place of St. Paul, and take no manner of notice of any, who called themselves (separately from the rest) followers of Christ.

(I) *So that no one of you can say,* [ὅτι μὴ τις εἴπῃ] Which our Eng. version renders *lest any should say.* But I think it is not rightly rendered; because the reason, why St. Paul baptized no more, seems to have been founded upon the commission which Christ gave him (see ver. 17.) and not upon a foresight of any ill use which his baptizing them should occasion: I have therefore rendered *ὅτι μὴ τις εἴπῃ, so that no one can say:* it expresses not the design, but merely the event. This sense of *ὅτι* is often mentioned by commentators upon the Gospels, where a prophecy is said to be fulfilled by some action of our Saviour: and there cannot be a fuller proof of the use of this particle in this sense, than in Rev. xiii. 13. καὶ ποιῇ σημεῖα μεγάλα: ὅτι καὶ πῦρ ποιῇ καταβαίνειν ἐκ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ, and he doth great wonders, so

T E X T.

P A R A P H R A S E.

16 And I baptized also the house of Stephanas; as for the rest, I know not, whether I baptized any other:

17 For Christ sent me (K) not so much to baptize, as to preach the Gospel: *to preach it, I say; but* (L) not with the doctrine of wisdom, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect.

nerality of you at all. 16 I remember likewise that I baptized the family of Stephanas: I do not recollect, whether I baptized any others or no: 17 and the reason indeed why I baptized so few, is, that Christ sent me rather to teach than to baptize; there being many more qualified for the latter office than for the former. I say that I was sent to *teach* the Gospel, but not with the doctrine of human wisdom, nor with human art and eloquence, lest by that means our preaching the cross of Christ should be in vain; it being natural for those who are persuaded of any thing by oratory, to quit that opinion again soon, when once the short effect of that artful and so-

N O T E S.

that he maketh, &c. In this light the following texts may be considered; John v. 20. and 2 Cor. i. 17. and vii. 9. and Galat. v. 17. and Rev. viii. 12. To this note let me add, that I prefer (and have accordingly translated) the reading of the Alex. MS. and many other MSS. and Versions which have *ἐκπαιθεῖν* instead of *ἐκπαιθεῖν*: which last is not so clear a reading, without *ὅμως* or some limitation of it.

(K) *Not so much to baptize, as to preach*] The Greek is *ὅσον βαπτίζω, ἅλλ' ὡς κηρύττω*: the writers of the O. and N. Test. do almost every where (agreeably to their Hebrew idiom) express a preference given to one thing before another, by an affirmation of that which is preferred, and a negation of that which is contrary to it: and so it must be understood here; for if St. Paul was not at all sent to baptize, those few whom he did baptize, he baptized without a commission: but, if he was sent not only to baptize but to preach also, or to preach rather than baptize, he did in fact discharge his duty aright. The abovementioned observation concerning the Jewish way of speaking, may give light into the following texts: in the N. Test. Matthew vi. 19. 20. and ix. 13. compared with Hosea vi. 6. and also Matthew x. 20. and xii. 7. Luke xxiii. 28. Mark ix. 37. John vi. 27. and vii. 16. and ix. 4. and xii. 44. Acts v. 4. Rom. ix. 13. and in 1 Cor. vii. 4. and ix. 8. and x. 24. and xv. 10. Ephes. vi. 12. Col. iii. 2. Heb. xiii. 9. and 1 Peter iii. 3, 4. 1 John ii. 15. As also in the O. Test. Gen. xxxii. 28. and Prov. xxx. 8, 9. And thus Josephus in his Antiq. ii. 9. 2. *ὅσον καὶ ὅσον παῖδας ἀπεστερήθη*—*ἀλλὰ καὶ, &c.* not only, or not so much, that thereby they were to lose their children—as, &c. Ib. iv. 8. 2. *ὅσον μὴ πρότερον ὑμῶν ἔστιν τὴν αὐτὴν πρόνοιαν*, ἀλλὰ, &c. God will not only hitherto be your Protector, but, &c.

(L) *Not with the doctrine of wisdom*] The Greek words are *ὅσον ἐκ σοφίας λόγου*, and our translation has, *not with the wisdom of words*; the Svr. seems

T E X T.

P A R A P H R A S E.

18 For the doctrine of the cross is foolishness to those indeed who perish, but it is the power of God to us who are saved.

19 For it is written, "I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the prudence of the prudent."

20 Where is the wise man? where is the scribe? where is the disputant of this age? hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?

21 For, whereas mankind by its wisdom did not know God in the wisdom of God, God was pleased to save those, who believe, (M) by the preaching of foolishness:

phistical discourse is over: 18 I say, *lest the preaching the cross of Christ should be in vain*, because the account and doctrine of the cross is looked upon by unbelievers, who are in a perishing state, as a foolish doctrine: human eloquence cannot move and convince them to it: but they who are saved, *i. e.* the Christian converts, those who profess Christianity, know and see that our preaching, both by reason of the wide spreading of it, and because of the miracles which accompany it, is no less than the power of God. 19 For, God says in Scripture, *Is. xxix. 14. I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and bring to nothing (LXX. make to disappear) the understanding of the prudent*: 20 Let me then ask you these questions; where is the wise man? where is the Jewish scribe? where is the disputing philosopher of this age? hath not God in this instance of the cross shewed, that the pretended wisdom of this world is folly? 21 for, since mankind did not rightly discover the nature and the will of God by the natural reason and wisdom which he had implanted in them, it pleased God to make these things known to men, and save the believers by the preaching of that doctrine which is esteemed foolishness among

N O T E S.

seems to have read *λόγους*; and in ch. ii. 4. we have *λόγοι σοφίας*, *the words of wisdom*. But, though I have no countenance from any MSS. I am inclined to read *ὡς ἐν λόγῳ σοφίας*, or *ὡς ἐν τῇ σοφίᾳ λόγῳ*: for *σοφία λόγῳ* is no where else found in the whole N. Test. but *λόγους σοφίας* is found in ch. xii. 8. According to this new reading, which I propose, it must be rendered, *not with the doctrine of wisdom, i. e. human wisdom, to which is opposed foolishness* in ver. 18. Nor do the French versions of Mons and L'Enfant differ much from this: for they have *non avec discours de la sagesse humaine*. But after all, perhaps Wolfius's opinion is right, who thinks, that St. Paul uses here *ἐν σοφίᾳ λόγῳ* for *ἐν λόγῳ σοφίᾳ*, or *ἐν λόγοις σοφίᾳ*.

(M) *By the preaching of foolishness*] The Greek is *διὰ τῆς μωρίας τῆς κηρύξεως*, which in our Eng. version is rendered *by the foolishness of preaching*:

T E X T.

P A R A P H R A S E.

22 Since both the Jews ask for (N) signs, and the Greeks seek for wisdom;

23 But we preach Christ crucified, *which is* unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness;

24 But unto them who are the called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God:

25 For the foolishness of God is wiser than the wisdom of men, and the weakness of God is stronger than the strength of men:

26 (O) For ye see, brethren, your calling, that not many *among you are* wise men after the flesh, not many powerful, not many noble.

27 But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, that

them; 22 since both the Jews require signs to induce them to believe, and the Greeks require wisdom; *i. e.* some nice refined points of reasoning, some touches of philosophy agreeable to their systems;

23 But, to the great disappointment of both of them, I preach Christ crucified, which doctrine is an offence to the Jews, because they expect that he should have given signs and instances of his divine power, but his dying seems (they think) an instance of weakness: and as for the Greeks, they look upon the doctrine of the cross as ridiculous, because they look upon it as impossible, or at least beneath a God, to die: 24 but the true Christian converts, both Jews and Greeks, know and perceive it to be a doctrine manifesting both the power of God and his wisdom.

I call it the *wisdom* of God, 25 for even that which appears to men to be folly in God, is wiser than the highest wisdom of men; and what is reputed weak in God, is stronger than all human strength: 26 Ye see then, brethren, I asked, *Where is the wise man*, ver. 20. because ye see, brethren, who they are that are called to be Christians among you; not many wise men, not many men of power, not many men of birth: 27 but God has chosen those who were reputed

foolish; instead of which Clemens Alex. (according to Dr. Mills) has διὰ τῆς κηρύξεως τῆς μωρίας, *by the preaching of foolishness*: and this order of the words seems to be confirmed by ver. 23. and is followed in the French versions of Mons and L'Enfant. The apostle here may have put μωρία κηρύγματος for μωρὸν κήρυγμα, *i. e.* such preaching as was accounted foolish; as in ver. 17. σοφία λόγου may have been put for σοφὸς λόγος.

N O T E S.

(N) The MSS. Alex. Boern. with many other MSS. ancient Versions and Fathers, have not σημειν, but σημειον, as in John iv. 48.

(O) *Ye see then*] I read ὅν and not γὰρ, by the authority of MSS. Augi. Boern. Gr. and Lat. Clar. Gr. Ger. Gr. and the Æthiop. version.

(P) *Even*

T E X T.

P A R A P H R A S E.

he may put to shame the wise men; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world, that he may put to shame the things that are strong:

28 And God hath chosen the ignoble things of the world, and the things which are despised, (P) even the things which are not, that he may bring to nought the things that are;

29 To the end that no flesh may boast in his presence:

30 But ye are of him in Christ Jesus, who is made wisdom unto us from God, and (Q) justification, and sanctification, and redemption:

fools (as it were) and men of none but ordinary sense, unimproved by education and converse, to put to shame in dispute the wise philosophical men; and he hath chosen the weak and impotent part of mankind, to put to shame the powerful and mighty part of it: 28 Nay, what more especially regards the Jews, God hath chosen the heathens, who were reputed by the Jews to be men of base birth, who were despised by them, and even said *not to exist*, (Rom. iv. 17.) not to have life in them, I say, God hath chosen even these men, so contemned and ill-thought of by the Jews, to confound the Jews who boasted that they alone existed, that they only were God's favourite, and covenanted people.

29 This has God done on purpose to shew us, that no man should boast of his own ability and sufficiency before him. 30 But ye, *Christians*, have dependance upon God by means of your faith in Christ; by whom according to God's appointment, we have been made wise, ver. 24. have been justified, vi. 11. sanctified, *ib.* and redeemed, Eph. i. 7. from

N O T E S.

(P) *Even the things which are not*] The word *καὶ* is wanting in the Alex. and other good MSS. If *καὶ* be preserved in the text as copulative, the words *ἀγενῆ* and *ἰδιωτικῆς* will have no words to answer them in the end of the sentence: but if *καὶ* be left out (in which sense our Eng. version uses it) or rendered by the word *even* (as in ch. ii. 10.), the words *τὰ ὄντα* will comprehend the sense both of *ἀγενῆ* and *ἰδιωτικῆς*; and consequently *τὰ μὴ ὄντα* in the latter end of the verse will answer to the whole first part of the verse.

(Q) *Justification*] The word *δικαιοσύνη* in this and many other places of St. Paul's writings signifies, not *righteousness*, but that by which we are accounted righteous, viz. *justification*, or (if I may be allowed to coin a new word), *justifyingness*: so it is well known that *δικαίω* signifies to *justify*, to *look upon as just and righteous*. When *δικαιοσύνη* is applied to man, it signifies *righteousness*, or *alms*, as in 2 Cor. ix. 9. or *mercifulness*; but when it is said of God or Christ, as a quality belonging to them with relation to man, it generally signifies in St. Paul's writings *justifyingness*: and so I think

T E X T.

P A R A P H R A S E.

22 Since both the Jews ask for (N) signs, and the Greeks seek for wisdom;

23 But we preach Christ crucified, *which* is unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness;

24 But unto them who are the called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God:

25 For the foolishness of God is wiser than the wisdom of men, and the weakness of God is stronger than the strength of men:

26 (O) For ye see, brethren, your calling, that not many *among you* are wise men after the flesh, not many powerful, not many noble.

27 But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, that

them; 22 since both the Jews require signs to induce them to believe, and the Greeks require wisdom; *i. e.* some nice refined points of reasoning, some touches of philosophy agreeable to their systems;

23 But, to the great disappointment of both of them, I preach Christ crucified, which doctrine is an offence to the Jews, because they expect that he should have given signs and instances of his divine power, but his dying seems (they think) an instance of weakness: and as for the Greeks, they look upon the doctrine of the cross as ridiculous, because they look upon it as impossible, or at least beneath a God, to die: 24 but the true Christian converts, both Jews and Greeks, know and perceive it to be a doctrine manifesting both the power of God and his wisdom. I call it the wisdom of God, 25 for even that which appears to men to be folly in God, is wiser than the highest wisdom of men; and what is reputed weak in God, is stronger than all human strength: 26 Ye see then, brethren, I asked, *Where is the wise man*, ver. 20. because ye see, brethren, who they are that are called to be Christians among you; not many wise men, not many men of power, not many men of birth: 27 but God has chosen those who were reputed

N O T E S.

ing: instead of which Clemens Alex. (according to Dr. Mills) has διὰ τῆς ἀνόμιας τῆς μωρίας, *by the preaching of foolishness*: and this order of the words seems to be confirmed by ver. 23. and is followed in the French versions of Mons and L'Enfant. The apostle here may have put μωρία ἀνέργματος for μωρία κήρυγμα, *i. e.* such preaching as was accounted foolish; as in ver. 17. σοφία λόγου may have been put for σοφὸς λόγος.

(N) The MSS. Alex. Boern. with many other MSS. ancient Versions and Fathers, have not σημειῶν, but σημεία, as in John iv. 48.

(O) *Ye see then*] I read ὅν and not γὰρ, by the authority of MSS. Augi. Boern. Gr. and Lat. Clar. Gr. Ger. Gr. and the Æthiop. version.

(P) *Even*

T E X T.

P A R A P H R A S E.

he may put to shame the wise men; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world, that he may put to shame the things that are strong:

28 And God hath chosen the ignoble things of the world, and the things which are despised, (P) *even* the things which are not, that he may bring to nought the things that are;

29 To the end that no flesh may boast in his presence:

30 But ye are of him in Christ Jesus, who is made wisdom unto us from God, and (Q) justification, and sanctification, and redemption:

fools (as it were) and men of none but ordinary sense, unimproved by education and converse, to put to shame in dispute the wise philosophical men; and he hath chosen the weak and impotent part of mankind, to put to shame the powerful and mighty part of it: 28 Nay, what more especially regards the Jews, God hath chosen the heathens, who were reputed by the Jews to be men of base birth, who were despised by them, and even said *not to exist*, (Rom. iv. 17.) not to have life in them, I say, God hath chosen even these men, so contemned and ill-thought of by the Jews, to confound the Jews who boasted that they alone *existed*, that they only were God's favourite, and covenanted people.

29 This has God done on purpose to shew us, that no man should boast of his own ability and sufficiency before him. 30 But ye, *Christians*, have dependance upon God by means of your faith in Christ; by whom according to God's appointment, we have been made wise, ver. 24. have been justified, vi. 11. sanctified, *ib.* and redeemed, Eph. i. 7. from

N O T E S.

(P) *Even the things which are not*] The word *καὶ* is wanting in the Alex. and other good MSS. If *καὶ* be preserved in the text as copulative, the words *ἀγνοῦν* and *ἰδομένης* will have no words to answer them in the end of the sentence: but if *καὶ* be left out (in which sense our Eng. version uses it) or rendered by the word *even* (as in ch. ii. 10.), the words *τὰ ὅσα* will comprehend the sense both of *ἀγνοῦν* and *ἰδομένης*; and consequently *τὰ μὴ ὅσα* in the latter end of the verse will answer to the whole first part of the verse.

(Q) *Justification*] The word *δικαιοσύνη* in this and many other places of St. Paul's writings signifies, not *righteousness*, but that by which we are accounted righteous, *viz.* *justification*, or (if I may be allowed to coin a new word); *justifyingness*: so it is well known that *δικαιοῦν* signifies to *justify*, to *look upon as just and righteous*. When *δικαιοσύνη* is applied to man, it signifies *righteousness*, or *alms*, as in 2 Cor. ix. 9. or *mercifulness*: but when it is said of God or Christ, as a quality belonging to them with relation to man, it generally signifies in St. Paul's writings *justifyingness*: and so I think

T E X T.

P A R A P H R A S E.

31 (R) So that (as it is written)
 "let him, who boasteth, boast in
 "the Lord."

our sins: 31 So that, considering what benefits they are, and how we receive them, *let him who glories and boasts* (as the Scripture, Jerem. ix. 23, 24. says) *boast in the Lord* only; he having nothing but from the Lord, which he ought to glory in.

N O T E S.

think it ought to be rendered in Rom. i. 17. and iii. 21, 22. in 2 Cor. iii. 9. 21. and in Galat. v. 5.

(R) *So that, &c.* ἵνα, καθὼς ὑψηπῆται—καυχᾶσθω] The word ἵνα signifies here as above in ver. 15. *so that*: and an ellipsis follows, which may be thus filled up, *so that we may conclude with this rule, or so that this inference is just; let him who boasteth, boast in the Lord.* ἵνα is thus used before an imperative mood, and with an ellipsis in ch. iv. 6. ἵνα μὴ φουβηθεῖς, &c. And in like manner is ἀλλὰ used with an ellipsis after it in Rom. xv. 3. and in 1 Cor. ii. 9. and ὅτι in ch. iii. 21. and ch. iv. 5. and ch. v. 8. ἵνα is used also before an indicative mood in 1 Cor. ix. 18. and by Xenoph. in Cyrop. p. 94. edit. Hutchinson: see the passage under my note on ch. iv. 6.

After the Commentary are printed miscellaneous tracts by the same author, particularly the *Miracles of Jesus vindicated*; being an answer to Woolston's discourses on the Miracles of our Saviour, published in 1727 and 1728. This tract of our author's ran through five or six editions in a few years, and was looked upon, at that time, as a seasonable antidote to the pestilential effusions of Woolston.

Next follow *Two Letters to Dr. Waterland on the Eucharist*, with two Latin Epistles to Dr. Bentley on that writer's proposals for printing an Edition of the New Testament. R.

A Journey from Gibraltar to Malaga; with a View of that Garrison and its Environs; a particular Account of the Towns in the Hoya of Malaga; the Ancient and Natural History of those Cities, of the Coast between them, and of the Mountains of Ronda. Illustrated with the Medals of each Municipal Town; and a Chart, Perspectives, and Drawings, taken in the Year 1772, by Francis Carter, Esq. 2 vols. 10s. 8vo. Cadell.*

Amidst the variety of voyages, travels and journeys, with which the present age is so abundantly furnished, there are

* Without the plates, which are sold separately at 25 shillings in boards; they are thirteen in number, and consist of elegant engravings from the author's original drawings of the principal places and views described in the work; including four capital views of Malaga and its Cathedral, the Moorish Monuments in that city, with perspectives of the Roman Colony of Carteia and ancient town of Cartama.

few,

few, if any, that lay a better claim to the attention of the curious than such as join the prospect of the present circumstances of countries, with a retrospective view to their original or ancient state. Among these, the journey before us attracts also peculiar regard; the writer appearing to be so genuine an antiquarian that he sometimes quotes authorities of fifteen centuries back to prove things to be, what he is supposed actually to have found them.—This may seem nugatory to a mere modern reader, who concerns himself so little about past ages as to think nothing worth attending to but the present. To the antiquarian and the classical student, it will, on the contrary, appear as important as it will prove instructive and entertaining.—Of the importance of the tour itself and the author's abilities for describing it to advantage, we have the following account in the Preface.

“ There have been hitherto no other accounts of this coast published in our language, but the cursory remarks and vague descriptions of English gentlemen, who, making but a few days residence at its capital towns, often only as many hours, could not be expected (how much merit soever they might otherwise possess) to give any regular history of a people, with whose language they were wholly unacquainted: I have known Spain from my very childhood, since the year 1753, to 1773; all my time (except five years spent in France) was past in Andalucia and the kingdom of Granada: during so long an absence from my native country, I sought consolation through the study of that in which it was my lot to reside.

“ I have engraved a *geographical* and *classical* chart of the country I describe, which was drawn by myself on an entirely new plan; and, sensible of the utility, advantage, and, I had almost said, absolute necessity, of perspective views, to complete and illustrate, even the best-written descriptions; from seven and twenty drawings, which I took of the different towns and places I past through, I have selected and engraved thirteen, in a scale suitable to the edition, and to be bound up with it: entertaining the most liberal opinion of the publick, I have not hesitated to advance a large sum, which I can ill spare, being desirous that a work which has cost me so many years labour, might be accompanied with every possible embellishment.

“ The numerous inscriptions I met with in my rout, I have, with no small pains, accurately copied, and presented to the publick in their original characters. When I was at Cartama, a poor illiterate native offered me for sale, on a sheet of Spanish paper, what *he called* copies of the Roman stones in that town; this manuscript, as soon as I cast my eye on it, I found to be a miserable unintelligible scrawl, and immediately returned it, informing him that it could be of use to no one; and yet I have the greatest reason to be assured, from the information of a learned member of the Society of Antiquaries, that this very paper has been presented to them by an actual member of the Royal Society, who was for a few hours at Cartama some weeks after me; and who did not, I am persuaded, reflect that such erroneous inscriptions, authorized

by their reception among the archives of so respectable a Society, might lead the searching Antiquary into endless faults and absurdities."

It is a pity this little anecdote is not farther illustrated by the name of the *actual member*, in honour of whose discernment it is recorded: as it seems to cast a reflection on the whole Royal Society; whose reputation should not be wounded through the sides of its straggling members; among which there are some such strange sticks of wood, that the learned body might with propriety reverse the ancient adage, and take for its motto, *Ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius!*

As a specimen of the accuracy of Mr. Carter's observations and descriptions, we shall select a few passages that may afford some information, and cannot be displeasing, to any kind of reader.

On the tract of country in general Mr. Carter makes the following panegyrick.

"Of all the countries in the known world, there is not perhaps any one province so worthy of our attention and curiosity, as that part of the kingdom of Granada which we are going to traverse; none blest with a richer or more luxuriant climate; none more famous in Ancient History; and none that can be compared with it, even in these our days, for any of those natural gifts and blessings which are allowed to contribute to the pleasure and happiness of mankind.

"To the beauty of its climate all the Roman Authors bear testimony. Lucan the Poet speaks with complacency of the serenity and perpetual clearness of the sky about Gibraltar; and Pliny, who resided here many years, in the last words of his Natural History, after having through a laudable partiality given the preference to his native Italy, renders justice to the Southern coast of Spain, and affirms that only of all others can be compared with it.

"Strabo* likewise celebrates the great fertility and abundance of this country, which he styles *marvellous*; and informs us that in his days not only Italy, but several other provinces of the Roman Empire, were hence yearly supplied with large quantities of wine, the very best wheat, and finest oil; the superior qualities of which articles are much extolled by the Poet Statius.

"Julius Cæsar †, in his excellent Commentaries, calls Spain a most healthy region; and Justin the Historian ‡ passes great encomiums on its mildness, observing that it was placed in a happy temperature, not so hot as Africk, nor subject to the cold winds of France; and true it is, in no part of the globe you breathe a purer air, where the winters are more moderate, or the summer's sun more benign: and whoever observes this coast with attention, will find its vallies plenteous and abundant beyond comparison: its gardens and orchards full of all manner of pleasant fruits, and its mountains teeming with gold and silver, and universally clothed with the rich vine. The sea that bounds it is

* Lib. iii.

† Lib. iii.

‡ Lib. xliv.

famous for its fish *; and the very rivers are not only salubrious, but have their sands enriched with gold †. I will sum up the just panegyrick of this country in the words of a learned Fleming ‡, who travelled over it in the year 1560.

“ Quæqua enim versus ex ea prospexeris, habes quod Naturæ ac Dei bonitatem, agrique Granatensis felicitatem admireris, ita ut incredibili oblectatione oculorum sensum afficiat.”

“ The Phœnicians styled this province Tartesides ||; after them the Greeks called all the South of Spain Iberia; and, as a mark of their esteem, placed in it the river Lethe and the Elysian fields.

“ The Carthaginians, a nation greedy of gain, extremely covered the mines they found here; and after them the Romans were so charmed with this province, that they abandoned their native country in troops, establishing in it no less than eight colonies, and among them numbers of senatorial families. In the days of Strabo were found in the city of Cadiz alone five hundred of the equestrian order, so that the country became insensibly peopled with Roman citizens, from whose most noble progeny sprung renowned philosophers, celebrated poets, great statesmen, and even the worthiest emperors of Rome.

“ Quid dignum memorare tuis Hispania terris

“ Vox humana valet?—

“ Dives equis, frugum facilis, præciosa metallis,

“ Principibus fecunda piis. Tibi sæcula debent

“ Trajanum: Series his fontibus Ælia fluxit.

“ Hinc Senior Pater, hinc juvenum diademata fratrum,

“ Hæc generat qui cuncta regant: nec laude virorum

“ Censeri contenta fuit, nisi Matribus æquæ

“ Vinceret, & gemino certatim splendida sexu;

“ Flaccillam §, Mariamque daret, pulcræque Serenam **.

* Vitellius the Roman Emperor used to have vessels of three banks of ears continually employed to fetch the delicate fish of the Straights of Gibraltar. “ Murænarum lætes, a Carpathæo usque fretoque Hispaniæ per “ navarchos ac triremes petitarum commiscuit.” Sueton. lib. ix.

† Strabo assures us that the rivers of Spain run upon golden sands, and that grains of the finest gold were found in them; such the Romans called *Palas*. He adds, that out of the very stones of the rivers they frequently extracted pieces of gold as big as nuts. Ambrasio Morales informs us, he saw a grain of gold taken out of a river, that was as large as a Garavanzo pea.

The Darro at Granada was called in Latin *Dat. Aurum* from the quantities of gold grains found in its sands. The golden altar of the parish church of San Gil at Granada is entirely composed of them; and that city, when the Emperor Charles V. paid them a visit in 1526, presented him with a sumptuous crown, the ore of which was likewise fished out of the same river.

The waters of the Darro were by the Moors accounted very wholesome; and to this day the physicians esteem its banks and air of peculiar service to decayed constitutions; the very cattle are said to receive instant benefit, when disordered, by drinking in it.

‡ Georgius Hoffnagel, *Civitates Orbis Terræ*. Cologne.

|| “ This region was called Tartesides which the Turduli now inhabit.” Strabo, iii.

§ Flacilla wife of Theodore the Great, Maria wife of Honorius, and Serena wife of Stilico.

** Claudian. *Pan. Reg. Serenæ*.

Of the present state of Gibraltar, our author gives the following account.

"Gibraltar is joined to the Continent by a neck of low and deep sand, of the same breadth with itself, but which widens considerably towards the Spanish lines: this isthmus is near a league long, and, with the opposite coast of Spain, forms a noble and safe bay eight miles over, in which ride vast fleets of merchant-men, who repair from all parts of the Mediterranean, and are here obliged to wait for an eastern wind, without which no ship can fail out of the Streights.

"The hill is of such an irregular form, that, when you are near, you can never see it all from any one part: its head clearly faces the East; thence to the castle, and beyond Crouchet's garden, it fronts the North; forward as far as the Signal-house the North-West, where it takes a sharp turn, and continues to Europa Point due South: by reason of which oblique situation, when you approach the town from the inundation, you can see no farther of the rock than the castle, and even in the town your sight is bounded by Charles V's wall; again, after you have past the South gate and got upon the red sands, the town vanishes from you, and all the hill with it to the North of the Signal-house. The back of the rock is scalped and inaccessible, and it is this peculiar circumstance that forms its chief strength.

"The head of the rock of Gibraltar is almost perpendicular, and composed of a white stone which they burn for lime. The batteries facing Spain appear next: the Spaniards call this part of the hill, *Una Boca de fuego*. The remains of the Moorish castle are close to them; directly under is Crouchet's house and garden, where I resided fifteen months; lower down, and level with the water, is the grand battery, under which is the land gate; above the town appears the hospital for the army, and in it Bethlem barracks, formerly a convent of Nuns; the admiralty-house, in the time of the Spaniards a monastery of White Friars; and further on that of St. Francis*, where resides the governor; the Spanish church is between them: lastly, under Charles the Vth's wall is the armory and new mole, of use in time of war; the red sands are very conspicuous. Mrs. Webber's pleasant house lies next on an eminence near the new barracks; between which and the naval hospital is the vineyard; the wind-mills and Europa Point finish the landscape.

"This place having never been inhabited before the Mahometan æra, no Roman antiquities can be expected in it: however, when we cross the river Guadiaro, I shall have occasion to take notice of two inscriptions brought thence, and employed somewhere by the Spaniards in the walls of the town. There are those who affirm they are placed in the fountain on the grand parade with the letters inwards; but this I know not how to credit, as the fountain has been frequently taken

* It is a plain building, more convenient than elegant, but pleasantly situated near the sea, with a large garden; the church of the convent is kept open for divine service, and the only one in the town, all the other chapels and places of worship having been turned into store-houses, to the great scandal of the Spaniards, and inconvenience of the Protestants: the bells of the Tower, incommoding the governor, were, by his order, unhung, so that the inhabitants are forced to repair to church by beat of drum.

down

down and repaired since the residence of the English; and surely our military gentry, though seldom men of letters, could not have been so totally illiterate, as to follow the barbarous custom of the Moors by inverting these inscriptions, the sole monuments existing of an ancient town, and burying them in mortar and oblivion on a rock abounding with plenty of stones, that cost only the explosion of a little gunpowder.

"Of the Arabs, the building most deserving our attention, and which indeed first presents itself to our view, is the Castle, situated pretty eminent on the north side of the hill. It consisted formerly, after the manner of the Moors, of a triple wall, descending down to the water side, the lowest of which has been long since entirely taken away, and the grand battery and water-port built on its site. Of the second wall only the foundations are to be traced; on them were erected Croucher's house and garden and a line of private storehouses: the higher walls would have long since shared the same fate, had they not been found by experience of infinite service in covering the town at the time of a siege, the marks of balls being visible in numberless places upon those facing the Spanish lines; two other walls form an oblong square, ascending up the hill, and terminating in an angle at the Torre del Hominage: within them nothing is to be seen but heaps of leveled ruins, on which are now barracks for two companies of soldiers.

"The Torre del Hominage, in all Moorish castles, is the highest and most elevated tower, so called because therein the Alcalde used at the entrance into his government to take the oaths of fealty in the hands of the king or somebody appointed to represent him. That of this castle is entire, but has been long since shut up and made use of as a magazine for powder; under it is a parapet defended by a semicircular tower.

"The few other remaining buildings are quite in ruins: among those to be traced and worth our curiosity, is a little square building to the eastward, formerly a Mosque, which would have never been known for a place of devotion, were it not for an Arabick dedication on the wall, which imports in English:

"To the God that pacifies, and the Peace-maker, to the God
"eternal, and that lasts for ever,

"To the God that lasts for ever, to the God that pacifies, and the
"Peace-maker."

"A neat Morisque court, adorned with a colonade of twelve groups of brick pillars, is near the chapel: they give a pleasing idea of Eastern architecture, and support a terrace twenty-four feet high, paved with brick; in this yard are two noble rooms, each twelve feet broad, and twenty-four long.

"As water was a chief and capital article in ancient fortification, and here none was to be got out of the rock, the architect has taken care to cove and pave the roof, as well of the Torre del Hominage, as of the other buildings; conveying the rain-water by the means of large earthen pipes into a reservoir, constructed for that purpose, under the apartments, twelve feet square, still entire: there are not wanting those, who will have this reservoir to have been a bath, and shew you another room, where they assure you was a royal hot bagnio; nay they

they go so far as to parcel out each plot and wall into kings and queens dressing-rooms, bed-chambers, halls of audience, guard-rooms, and all the necessary apartments of a king's residence; but those who know from history, that Gibraltar never was a court, and that no prince, Christian or Moor, ever made in it any other than a casual residence, landing or embarking for Barbary, will give no credit to such romances.

"True it is, that Gibraltar being always esteemed by the Moors the key into Spain, this castle was built as strong as possible, and no cost spared to render it impregnable; a proof of which is the entireness of the Torre del Hominage, and of the other walls still standing; and their having sustained the injuries of time and frequent sieges, above a thousand years. Again, any body who has had opportunities of viewing the castles of Cordova, Granada, and Malaga, are acquainted with the gold and azure, the Mosaic stuccos, the superb inscriptions, and other pompous characteristics, of a royal Moorish palace, which they will in vain look for in Gibraltar."

In his survey of the towns surrounding the bay of Gibraltar, Mr. Carter takes notice of Carteia, the most famous, the most ancient and venerable of them all, tho' at present in so deplorable a state that it is difficult to ascertain even its local situation. On this town he observes,

"It would not be doing justice to this celebrated place, were we to pass over in silence the very great probability of Carteia being the identical port of Tarsis, to which Solomon's fleets resorted: but at the same time, not to tire the reader with the accumulated proofs and learned dissertations which the best Spanish writers, and lately the Fathers Pedro and Rafael, Rodriguez, Mohedano*, have displayed in favour of this opinion, we shall content ourselves with briefly examining, whether the situation of this country and its products agree with the cargo Solomon's fleet brought from Tarsis, and then leave the facts to speak for themselves. We read in the book of Kings, that "Solomon had at sea a navy of Tharshish, with the navy of Hiram: once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks †."

"As to the two first articles, no country in the then known world, surely, could deserve the preference to the mountains of Andalucia, for their rich and inexhaustible mines, the memory of which was so constantly preserved among the Hebrews, that, in the eighth chapter of the first book of Maccabees, we find the writer celebrating the acts of the Romans, and saying, "They had reduced to their dominion, the gold and silver of Spain ‡." Their riches Diodorus Siculus

* In their *Historia Litteraria de España*.

† 1 Kings, x. 22.

‡ Julius Cæsar, when he triumphed over Gaul, Pontus, Egypt, Africk, and Spain, had the furniture to all the others of wood, tortoiseshell, and ivory, the products of the several countries, but the apparatus of his Spanish triumph was of polished silver.

lus* extols greatly, adding, that when the Phœnicians first arrived on this coast, having amassed more silver than their ships would hold, they took the lead from off their anchors, and cast them with that precious metal. The Roman history informs us, that the Carthaginians, under Hamilcar Barca, found the Turdedani using vessels and mangers of silver; and Possidonius celebrates, with enthusiasm, the abundance and excellence of the mines of this province. Polybius says, that in a mountain not twenty stadii from Carthage was a mine, in which he saw working forty thousand men, daily extracting twenty five thousand drachms of silver for the Romans. Dionysius, of Corax, in his description of Europe, has this verse in praise of the Tartesian riches:

Ταρτησὸς χαλκισσα, συνφερὺς αἰδοῖ ἀνδρῶν.

Pleasant Tartessus

Of men with wealth o'erflow'd the happy seat.—

And Goropius, a modern antiquary, has ventured to affirm, that Andalusia supplied the Phœnicians, Grecians, Carthaginians, and Romans, successively, with more gold and silver than the Indies have furnished to Old Spain in these latter days †.

“ Monks exist to this day on the hill of Gibraltar; and peacocks have, in all ages, been natives of Spain; and although elephants are not so now, yet we learn from Pliny, that the opposite coast of Africa was, in his days, full of elephants, and even the mountain of Abila in sight of Carteia; therefore, as Tartus was so universal a mart, it is no way surprising that they should be supplied with plenty of ivory from their neighbours. We may go farther, and argue by the same reason, that the race of elephants are in our days confined to India and the meridian coasts of Africa: they may have been, and probably were in the times we are speaking of, as plentiful in the South of Spain, as they were in the age of Pliny ‡ in the very sight of Carteia at Mauritania, where none have been seen for many centuries past.”

In the annals of Gibraltar and Algeziras, Mr. Carter introduces an anecdote of Henry Plantagenet, duke of Lancaster; which, he says, has been overlooked or unknown by all those who have attempted to write the history of England; but which is to be found in the chronicle of Don Alonzo XI. a book of undoubted veracity and in high estimation among the Spaniards.—

“ Cæsar omnium victor, regressus in urbem, quinque egit triumphos, Gallici apparatus ex citro, Pontici ex acantho, Alexandrini testudine, Africi ebone, Hispanienus argento rasili constitit.” Velleius Paterculus, lib. ii. 56.

* Lib. vi. c. 9.

† I shall hereafter have occasion to give some account of the present state of these mines, and explain the reasons which hinder the Spaniards from cultivating them.

‡ “ Ipsa provincia ab Oriente montuosa fert Elefantos. In Abila quoque monte, & quos septem fratres a simili altitudine appellant, ii fratre immineant juncti Abilæ.” Plin. lib. v.

“ The

"The battle of Tarifa had raised the reputation of Don Alonzo XI, to such a pitch, throughout christendom, that Henry Plantagenet, duke of Lancaster, earl of Derby, Lincoln, and Leicester, great grandson to Henry III, and grandfather of Henry IV, commanding at this time the English forces in Guienne, obtained leave from Edward III, to serve a campaign under Don Alonzo in the siege of Algeziras : of his acts of chivalry the chronicle makes particular mention : an anecdote, which reflects honour on the English in general, a nation famed through all ages for heroic virtue and noble deeds of arms, and on the august Descendants of this brave prince, whose valour and martial spirit brought him so many hundred leagues to serve in the dangerous siege of a town, defended by 30,000 men, and covered by the whole power of Granada, in a camp sickly and wanting necessaries.

"On his arrival in Spain, being informed that a battle was daily expected to be fought between the Christians and the united troops of the Benemarines and the king of Granada, he hastened his march, and made such diligence, that, when he arrived in Seville, only the earl of Salisbury and four of his knights had been able to follow him ; they were honourably received in that city by the English factory, and lodged at their house.

"Henry brought with him several companies of horse, and was received by Don Alonzo XI, with all the marks of esteem due to his high birth. He soon signalized his valour in an action, wherein the impetuosity of his courage carried him beyond his followers, and into the midst of the Barbarians, but on being succoured he drove them back to the town : two English knights, out of an excess of valour, followed them within the gates, shewing to the astonished Barbarians, that undaunted spirit of our forefathers, which, transmitted without a blot or blemish to their sons, has raised the British empire to its present pitch of greatness : the Moors fought, as the chronicle tells us, to take them prisoners, and would not slay them ; thereby evidencing a great sense of honour and courage in themselves, who could thus respect it in an enemy.

"The duke of Lancaster, in one of these combats, had two of his knights slain, and was wounded himself by an arrow in the face ; which honourable scar he carried with him to the grave. He was the champion of the English cause in France, and learned the art of war under the invincible banners of his cousin Edward the Black Prince ; for his superior virtues he was stiled the good duke, and his glorious career was shortened by the plague in London in 1361, five years before the birth of Henry IV, son of his daughter Blanch and John of Gaunt."

Of

* This anecdote having been overlooked or unknown to all those who have attempted to write the history of England, it will be proper to quote the passages regarding it, from the chronicle of Don Alonzo XI, a book of undoubted veracity, in high estimation with the Spaniards, and become exceedingly scarce :

"Otro si vino alli el duque de Alencastre de Ingliterra, que fue conde de Arbid, que avia nombre Don Enrique, y entonces quando vino a Algezira era conde de Arbid, & despues fue duque de Alencastra y era de la casa real de Inglaterra." Pagina 177.

"Los

Of the manners of the people in this part of Spain, our author gives the following account.

"The people of Malaga, a trading sea-port town, that has a constant intercourse with foreigners from all parts, differ widely and are greatly degenerated from the ancient virtue and simplicity of their forefathers. A love of dissipation and public amusements universally reigns among them; and, as their traffic is lucrative and their property extensive, each seems to vie with his neighbour in show and expence, and every one endeavours to move and maintain himself in a sphere above him; the mechanic appears a tradesman; the shopkeeper, a merchant; and the merchants, nobles. The ancient Spanish black dress is exchanged for the tawdry laces of France, whose masquerades they awkwardly imitate during the carnival; and the Seguidillas and Fandangos have made way for the country dances of England; but in the inland towns and villages we still behold the Spaniards pretty nearly in the state the Romans left them.

"A Spanish shepherd is a most respectable figure: in the hottest as well as in the coldest seasons his dress is the same: a leather waistcoat, short and laced before, upon which he wears a sheep's skin with its fleece, whose thickness equally preserves his back from the cold in the winter, and from the piercing rays of the summer's sun. Over his knees hangs a slip of leather, to defend them from the briars; his feet are always bare, and shod with hempen sandals: the Montero, or Spanish cap, is both warm and convenient.

"Temperate in their diet, abstemious, sober above all nations, fond of their country, obedient and faithful to their king, these peasants make most excellent soldiers; and, as the levies in Spain are for three or five years only, each district assembles annually, and chuses out, among its young men, those who are unmarried, and can best be spared: by this wise method, their troops are armies of volunteers, and the whole country a militia that have all seen regular service.

"Los Condes de Arbid y Solusber, y su Gente Llegaron a las puertas de la Ciudad, por la parte del Fonario, do abian abido la pelea, y Llegavan tan cerca que davan con las Lancas a los Moros que estaban en la Caba, y los que estaban en la Barrera de la Ciudad focorrieron aquel lugar, y salieron fuera y ovieron mui gran pelea con ellos, y fue herido el Conde de Arbid de una Saeta en el Rostro, y mataron le dos Cavalleros, pero fueron encerrados los Moros." Pagina 162.

"Estando en esto, los Condes de Arbid y de Solusber, y otras gentes de Ingleses, y de Alemanes, armaronse, y entraron mui apriesa en la pelea, y los Moros de la Ciudad salieron todos, y fue la pelea mui fuerte entre ellos. Los Christianos que andavan en la pelea no estaban mui firmes con los Condes, y dexaron los, como hombres que avian entrado arrebatadamente en la pelea, y el Rei mando luego que entrassen a focorrer a los Christianos, y ellos hicieronle assi, y desde que estos Llegaron de cada parte los Moros fueron huyendo a la Ciudad, y los Christianos fueron hiriendo y matando en ellos, y tan apriesuradamente huyeron los Moros, y tan sin acuerdo, que a buelta de ellos entraron en la Ciudad dos Christianos de los Ingleses, y desde que los vieron, cuidaron que eran mas, y ovieron gran recelo, que estaba la Ciudad perdida, pero desde que vieron que no eran sino dos, hicieron mucho por los prender, y hicieron poner recaudo en las puertas de la Ciudad."

Pagina 164.

VOL. V.

N A

The

The Spanish husbandmen still preserve the custom of their fore-fathers, by travelling on foot, not only from village to village, but over the whole peninsula of Spain. A piece of bread in one of their pockets, and a horn-cup in the other, is their only provision; they carry their cloaks, doubled longways, over their left shoulder; and in their right-hand bear a Porra, or strong staff, with the assistance of which they leap over the rivulets they meet with in their journey. As they go through the towns, they recruit their stock of bread; they seldom chuse to lie in them, to avoid the expence of an inn; but when night overtakes them, they sleep beneath a shady tree, or the shelving of a rock, covered with their cloaks. In the year 1760, one of my servants at Seville, after having escaped from a long and dangerous illness, asked my leave to perform a vow he had made to visit the shrine of St. Jago, in Galicia, promising to return in five weeks, which to my astonishment, he fulfilled, although that town is 170 leagues distant from Seville. What service may not be expected from troops thus enured to temperance and fatigue! The Spaniard, if on foot, always travels as the crow flies, which the openness and dryness of the country permits; neither rivers nor the steepest mountains stop his course, he swims over the one, and scales the other, and by this means shortens his journey so considerably, that he can carry an express with greater expedition than any horse-man *. The large sums of money transmitted continually to Valez from the factory of Malaga, for the payment of the fruit bought up there, are always sent by the common carriers or these footmen, stiled Propios, unguarded and alone, without affording an instance of their ever having abused the confidence reposed in them. I, who have known the country so many years, owe it this testimony of their integrity.

"The women in the country villages and farms wear their garments long and modest; their waists short, like the ladies of ancient Rome, and without the unnatural support of whalebone. Their long flowing hair is plaited and confined behind by a golden bodkin in the fashion of the times of the empress Faustina, as may be seen on her coins. Publickly, and in the churches, their heads are ever covered with the veil: this distinguished part of their dress, which they borrowed from the Moors, was, as I have already observed, worn by them of wrought silk; but the Spanish dames, less rich, for above a century were contented with veils of woollen; by degrees they were fabricated of black taffaty, and lately have been improved into the finest cambric and transparent muslin. It is in this veil that are centered all the magic and attractions of the Spanish beauties; at the same time that it adds an in-

* When I visited the court of Madrid in 1758, my servant not only kept pace with the chaise, but supplied us, during the whole journey, with game. In 1764, another young man, with a fidelity and affection which characterizes the Spanish nation, followed my horse from Seville to Lisbon, notwithstanding my intreaties, and foretelling him the ill usage he afterwards met with from the antipathy of the Portuguese to the Spaniards, on his return, when I should not be with him to protect him. And on my embarking from this present journey, all Malaga was witness to the distress of my servant, who shed tears, and earnestly entreated to be permitted to attend me to England.

conceivable lustre to their native charms, it captivates the heart with every virtuous idea of modesty and reserve. The modern love-songs, pastoral poems, and Seguidillas of this country are full of the most beautiful metaphors and allusions to the veil; as were those of the Eastern poets before them, one of * whom, speaking in raptures of his mistress, says, *that from the border of her veil, which she removed from her cheek, the Sun and Moon arose.*

"The guitar, which is exchanged in the cities for the more fashionable harpichord, still resounds nightly with the complaints and amorous tales of the village swains; and the same hand which pruned the vineyards all day, strikes the tender notes of love in the evening.

"An universal custom prevails in the villages, for the youth of both sexes to meet every night, and pass a few hours listening to an historical romance, or the tuneful Seguidillas †, or taking their turns in the sprightly Fandango. It is in these assemblies that they receive their only education: a young man has no other way of making his court with success than by his personal qualifications, his moral character and fair behaviour. In the great towns a youth may be dissolute and debauched, and tainted with every vice, and yet easily hide all from his unsuspecting mistress: it is not so in the country; there he is assured that she is exactly informed of every step he takes; he knows his only hope depends on his conduct and carriage in the village; he is courteous, obliging, civil, and polite to all men, that he may induce them to give him a good name: this teaches them early in life to subject their passions, and gives them a polish and an engaging manner, which at first must extremely surprize those who have been used to the awkwardness and low selfishness of our English rustics."

Mr. Carter concludes with doing justice to the hospitality, generosity and courtesy of the inhabitants of this part of Spain, by assuring us of the very civil reception all travellers meet with in this country, not only from the nobility and those of higher rank, to whom strangers are recommended, but among the clergy, peasantry and inhabitants of every village through which they pass. "This character, says he, the universal experience of all my countrymen, who have been in Spain, joins with mine in confirming.

S.

* Nouredden Jami. See a specimen of one of his poems, in which is the above cited beautiful simile, in the History of the Persian Language, p. 182.

† The Seguidillas are danced by four couple to the sound of the guitar; the musician accompanies it with his voice, singing lively verses adapted to the measure. The Fandango is a more difficult dance; it is a *Pas de Deux*; as the steps and figures in it are variable at the performer's pleasure, they have therein an opportunity to display all the graces of a good person, genteel shape and agility in their movements. They beat time with their Castanets fastened to their hands; this little instrument was not unknown to the Romans, who borrowed it of the Spaniards. The Spanish dances were much in vogue in the time of Pliny, who mentions them.

A general History of the Science and Practice of Music, by Sir John Hawkins. In five Volumes, 4to. 6l. 6s. Payne.

(Continued from Page 130.)

The several events in musical history most worthy of attention are, as our author observes, those of the first establishment of a system, the introduction of music into the Church service, and the rise of the musical drama. On the second head, he remarks, that,

"After the example of the Jews, and upon the authority of sundry passages in scripture, and more especially in compliance with the exhortation of St. Paul in his Epistles, St. Basil, St. Ambrose and St. Chrysostom about the middle of the fourth century instituted antiphonal singing in their respective churches of Cæsarea in Cappadocia, Milan, and Constantinople. St. Ambrose, who must be supposed to have been eminently skilled in the science, prescribed a formula of singing in a series of melodies called the ecclesiastical tones, apparently borrowed from the modes of the ancient Greeks; these, as constituted by him, were in number only four, and are meant when we speak of the Cantus Ambrosianus; but St. Gregory, near two centuries after, increased them to eight. The same father drew up a number of precepts respecting the limits of the melodies, the fundamental note, and the succession of tones and semitones in each; and with a view to the establishment of a settled and uniform musical science, that would apply to all the several offices at that time used in divine worship, founded and endowed a school for the instruction of youth in the rudiments of music, as contained in this formula, which was distinguished by the appellation of the Cantus Ecclesiasticus, and in later times by that of the Cantus Gregorianus.

"Before this time music had ceased to be a subject of speculation; Ptolemy was the last of the philosophers that had written professedly on it; and though it may be said that his three books of Harmonies, as also those of Aristoxenus, Euclid, Nicomachus, Aristides Quintilianus, and others, being extant, music was in a way of improvement from the studies of men no less disposed to think and reflect than themselves; yet the fact is, that among the Romans the science not only had made no progress at all, but even before the dissolution of the common-wealth, with them it seemed to be extinct. Nor let the supposition be thought groundless, that during some of the succeeding ages the books, the very repositories of what we call musical science, might be lost; the history of the lower empire furnishing an instance, the more remarkable, as it relates to their own, the Roman civil law, which proves at least the possibility of such a misfortune*.

"To these causes, and the zeal of the fathers abovementioned, and more especially of St. Gregory, to disseminate its precepts, it is to be ascribed that the cultivation of music became the peculiar care of the clergy. But here a distinction is to be noted between the study and

* See the relation of the discovery of the *Littera Pisana* in vol. II. page 28.

the practice of the science; for we find that at the time of the institution of the Cantus Ambrosianus, an order of clergy was also established, whose employment it was to perform such parts of the service as were required to be sung: These were called Psalmists; and though by Bellarmine and a few other writers they are confounded with the Lectors, yet were they by the canonists accounted a separate and distinct order. The reason for their institution was, that whereas in the apostolical age the whole congregation sang in divine service, and great confusion and disorder followed therefrom, it was found necessary to settle what the church calls a regular and decent song, which, as it was framed by rule, and founded in the principles of harmony, required skill in the performance; and accordingly we find a canon of the council of Laodicea held as early as the beginning of the fourth century, forbidding all excepting the canonical singers, that is to say, those who are stationed in the Ambo, where the singing desk was placed, and who sang out of a book or parchment, to join in the psalms, hymns, and other parts of musical divine service. We may well suppose that this order of men were endowed with all the requisites for the discharge of their function; and that that peculiar form which the council of Carthage directs to be used for the ordination of Psalmists of singers*, was in effect a recognition of their skill and abilities.

“The order of men abovementioned can be considered in no other view than as mere practical musicians, the principal object of whose attention was to make themselves acquainted with the songs of the church, and to utter them with that decency and gravity, and in such a manner as tended most to edification: From the frequent repetition of the same offices it must be supposed that in general they sang by rote; at least we have no better reason to assign than that they must have so done, for the establishment of a school by St. Gregory for the instruction of youth in the Cantus Ecclesiasticus, as reformed by himself, and for that sedulous attention to their improvement in it which he manifested in sundry instances.

“At the same time that we applaud the zeal of this father of the church, we cannot but wonder at that of his predecessors, which is not more apparent in their commendations of music, as associated with religious worship, than in their severe censures of that which was calculated for private recreation: As to the songs of the stage in the ages immediately succeeding the Christian era, we know little more of them than in general that they were suited to the corrupt manners of the times; and these, by reason of their lewdness, and perhaps impiety of sentiment, might be a proper subject of reprehension; but against the music, the sounds to which they were uttered, or the particular instruments that assisted the voice in singing them, an objection can scarce be thought of; and yet so frequent and so bitter are the invectives of the primitive fathers, namely, Clemens Alexandrinus, Tertullian, St. Cyprian, Lactantius, Epiphanius, Gregory Nazianzen, and of St. Basil, St. Augustine, and St. Chrysostom, who were lovers and promoters of the practice of music, against wicked measure and effeminate melodies, the noise of flutes, cymbals, harps, and other instru-

* See it in vol. I. page 284. n.

ments of deceit, seducing the hearers to intemperance, and even idolatry, that if credit be given to their opinions of the nature and tendency of secular music, we must be inclined to believe, as they in good earnest profess to have done, that it was an invention of the Devil.

"The cultivation of music as a science was the employment of a set of men, in whom all the learning of the times may then be said to have centered; these were the regular clergy, of such of whom as flourished in the eleventh century and afterwards, it must in justice be said, that what they wanted in knowledge, they made up in industry; and that those frequent barbarisms which occur in their writings, were in no small degree atoned for by the clearness and precision* with which on every occasion they delivered their sentiments."

"To ascertain the degree of perfection," says our author, "to which the practice of instrumental music had attained at any period before the sixteenth century, would be very difficult. The Provençal songs, as being mere vocal compositions, afford no ground on which a conjecture might be formed; and as to their popular tunes, the airs of the Musars and Violers, besides that they seem to have been melodies, for the most part the effusions of fancy, and not regulated by harmonical precepts, the impression of them can hardly be supposed to have been either deep or lasting; and this may be the chief reason that the knowledge of them has not reached posterity."

"That the practice of instrumental music was become familiar with such young persons of both sexes as had received the benefit of a good education, is clearly intimated by the old poets. Not only the Squire, but the Clerk, Abbot, in Chaucer, are by him described, the one as floyting, i. e. fluting all the day, the other as playing songs on a small Ribible, and elsewhere on the Geterne†; and in the Confessio Amantis of Gower, fol. 178, b. is a plain intimation that the Citole, an instrument near resembling the virginal, was in his time the recreation of well-educated young women‡.

"We are also told by Boccace, in his Account of the Plague at Florence in 1348, that the ladies and gentlemen who retired from that city, and are the relators of the several stories contained in his Decameron, among other recreations in the intervals of their discourses, intermixed music; and that sundry of the persons whose names he mentions played on the lute and the viol. They also danced to the music of the Cornamute or bagpipe, an instrument which we may infer to have been held in but ordinary estimation from this circumstance, that it is put

"These qualities seem to be but the necessary result of the old scholastic method of instruction, in which logic made a considerable part, and are in no instance more manifest than in the ancient forms of judicial proceedings, such as writs and pleadings; of which Sir Matthew Hale, in his History of the Law, chap. 7, remarks that they were very short, but very clear and conspicuous, orderly digested, pithy, clear and rational. The same may be said in general of the more ancient statutes.

† See the character of the Squire among the Prologues to the Canterbury Tales, as also the Miller's Tale passim.

‡ Vide infra, vol. II, page 106.

into the hands of Tindarus, a domestic of one of the ladies; besides that Chaucer in characterizing his Miller says,

'A baggepipe well couthe he blowe and soun.'

"Of vocal concerts, as they stood about the year 1550, or perhaps earlier, a judgment may be formed from the madrigals of that time, which abound with all the graces of harmony. Concerts of instruments alone seem to be of later invention, at least there is no clear evidence of the form in which they existed, other than treatises and compositions for concerts of viols called *Fantassias*, few whereof were published till thirty years after*.

"Gio. Maria Artusi, an ecclesiastic of Bologna, and a writer on music about the year 1600, describes the concerts of his time as abounding in sweetness of harmony, and consisting of cornets, trumpets, violins, viols, harps, lutes, flutes and harpsichords: These, as also organs, regals, and guitars, are enumerated in the catalogue of instruments prefixed to the opera, *L'Orfeo*, composed by Claudio Monteverde, and represented at Mantua in 1607. Tom Coryat speaks also of a performance at Venice, chiefly of instrumental music, which he protests he would have travelled an hundred miles on foot to hear, but without any such particular description as can enable us to compare it with the concerts of more modern times."

Our historian has been ridiculed for introducing such kind of authorities as that of Tom Coryat, on the subject of music. The fastidious critics, however, who affect to despise the judgment of honest Tom, have probably as little taste and perhaps a worse ear than that famous pedestrian itinerant. Oh this, at least, we may safely presume, that few of those criticalsters, who have attempted to turn our author into ridicule, for the preference he gives to the compositions and performances of former times † before those of the present, are possessed of half that judgement which our author displays in his discourse on the subject.

"For the perfection of vocal harmony we must refer to a period of about fifty years, commencing at the year 1560, during which were composed madrigals for private recreation in abundance, that are the models of excellence in their kind; and in this species of music the composers of our own country appear to be inferior to none. The improvement of melody is undoubtedly owing to the drama; and its

* The earliest of which we can speak with certainty, is a treatise in folio by Thomas a Sancta Maria, a Spanish Dominican, published at Valladolid in 1570, entitled '*Arte de tanner fantasia para teora, viguela, y todo instrumentado de tres o quatro ordens*,' which carries the antiquity of concerts for viols, and those compositions called *Fantassias*, back to that time, but leaves us at a loss as to other instrumental concerts.

† We do not pretend to say that our historian is not sufficiently diffuse, perhaps too prolix on some occasions; notwithstanding which, his work must on the whole, be pronounced an instructive, entertaining and valuable performance. Rev.

union with harmony and an assemblage of all the graces and elegancies of both we may behold in the madrigals of Stradella and Bononcini, and the chorusses and anthems of Handel; and among the compositions for private practice in the duets of Steffani and Handel. As to the harmony of instruments, it is the least praise that can be bestowed on the works of Corelli, Geminiani, and Martini, to say that through all the vicissitudes and fluctuations of caprice and fancy, they retain their primitive power of engaging the affections, and recommending themselves to all sober and judicious hearers *.

"To music of such acknowledged excellence as this, the preference of another kind, merely on the score of novelty, is surely absurd; at least the arguments in favour of it seem to be no better than those of Mr. Bayes in behalf of what he calls the new way of dramatic writing; which however were not found to be of such strength as to withstand the force of that ridicule, which was very seasonably employed in restoring the people to their wits."

"In those kind of performances," Sir John Hawkins observes, "in which not the least regard is paid to harmony or expression, we seek in vain for that most excellent attribute of music, its power to move the passions, without which this divine science must be considered in no better a view than as the means of recreation to a gaping crowd, insensible of its charms, and ignorant of its worth."

We are sorry that the arrears we are in, with respect to the publick, and the multiplicity of new publications before us, reduce us to the necessity of referring our readers, curious of farther information, to the history itself.

W.

* Of the instrumental music of the present day, notwithstanding the learning and abilities of many composers, the characteristics of it are noise without harmony, exemplified in the frittering of passages into notes, requiring such an instantaneous utterance, that thirty-two of them are frequently heard in the time which it would take moderately to count four; and of this cast are the Symphonies, Periodical Overtures, Quartettas, Quintettos, and the rest of the trash daily obtruded on the world.

"Of solos for the violin, an elegant species of composition, as is evident in those most excellent ones of Corelli and Geminiani, and in many of those of Le Clair, Carbonelli, Festing, and Tartini, few have of late been published that will bear twice hearing; in general, the sole end of them is to display the powers of execution in prejudice to those talents which are an artist's greatest praise.

"The lessons for the harpsichord of Mr. Handel, abounding with fugues of the finest contexture, and the most pathetic airs, are an inexhaustible fund of delight; those of the present time have no other tendency than to degrade an instrument invented for the elegant recreation of the youthful of the other sex, and to render it what at best it now appears to be, and may as truly as emphatically be termed, a tinkling cymbal.

A Journey

A Journey to the Highlands of Scotland. With occasional Remarks on Dr Johnson's Tour: By a Lady. Small 8vo. 3s. Fielding and Walker.

The account of this journey is written in the form of Letters to distant friends; in the preface to which, is given an agreeable, and perhaps the best, kind of apology, for the publication of the literary effusions of our numerous modern travellers.

“ The following letters are selected from a correspondence, begun, continued, and completed, upon motives of amusement, invitation, and tenderness. I took up the pen, indeed, to prove what will, I believe, be found universally true upon all human occasions. Meditating an excursion into the interior parts of the kingdom of Scotland, I had scarcely lost sight of the towers of London, even at the end of my first stage, before I felt that, according to Mr. Pope,

“ Self-love, and social is the same.”

We may transport our persons, I perceive, to the remotest regions of the earth: From Caledonia we may direct our rambles into the deserts of Arabia, but the mind still remains untravellered, and clings fondly to that dear, and domestic circle whom we have left over our own fire-side, and whose prayers and wishes are for ever on the wing to keep pace with our migrations. As the chaise therefore ran rapidly along, bearing me every moment farther from the scenes of my accustomed conversation, and the beloved objects, by whose ingenuity they were supported, I resolved to make my journey in some measure compensate the fatigue of undertaking it. This first suggested to me those pleasures which are allowed even to absence, the *pleasures of the pen*; accordingly, I resolved to travel rather critically than casually, rather to accommodate my friends with information than merely to gratify the greediness of vacant curiosity. The consequences were, I did not suffer the position to indulge his professional passion, to pass briskly through any parts of cultivated country, or rattle rapidly over the pavement of towns, that were fertile of remark, but ordered him to go *sentimentally*. In a word, I rode *pencil in hand*, employing myself in drawing a sketch of the landscape, whether of hill or valley, morass or mountain, as it lay before me; a task, not the less agreeable for its abounding in novelties; or for the various prospects which rewarded it.”

Such is our female traveller's own account of this production; to which she adds, that, on her return to London, she had diffidence enough to put the copies of her letters into the hands of a literary gentleman, who arranged them for the press. Now whether the entertainment, the reader will meet with in the perusal, be owing most to the *literary gentleman*, or the *traveling lady*, is little to the purpose, if the information be genuine, and that perusal amusing.—How far it is so, the reader himself may judge from the following specimens.

*To the EARL of C ———.**Sterling, August 22, 1775.*

"I resume the pen, my Lord, to let you know, we are once more in motion, having turned our backs on Edinburgh, and begun our journey into Murray. You desire me to continue writing, and to make my remarks on things as they strike me—You shall be obeyed; so when you are tired, do not complain. We yesterday dined at Linlithgow, famous for the remains of the palace where Mary Queen of Scots was born, but which has nothing now remaining except the outer walls. It appears from the roads a fine ruin; it was burnt in forty-five by the King's army. The next stage was Falkirk, and from thence to Sterling, where we lodged: We this day took the track of the rebel army; and were I to offer my opinion from the observations I have been enabled to make of the life and manners of this people, it would be, that, their so easily gaining followers, and possessing themselves of these towns, is not at all surprising; since those, who were well-affected to government, were so few, in comparison with that ignorant multitude, which ran with the stream, and were one moment ready to join the Pretender's standard, and the next, on sight of our troops, to discard their new-acquired friends and throw up their bonnets for KING George.

"Some popular Chief
More noisy than the rest, but cries halloo,
And in a trice the bellowing herd come out;
And one and all is the word;
They never ask for whom, or what they fight,
But turn 'em out, and shew 'em but a foe;
Cry liberty, and that's a cause of quarrels."

Is it then matter of wonder that towns should yield, which had it not in their power to make the least resistance to this rabble of desperadoes? for *such*, and not an army, it might, with justice, be stiled. But a truce with politics, they ill become a woman's pen; and I know not a more ridiculous character than a petticoat pedant, or politician. Nevertheless, being on the spot, which, at that period, set all England in a tremor; I was led irresistibly to these consequent reflections; let this plead my excuse. I this morning took a view of STERLING CASTLE, which stands on a very high rock, fortified impreguably by nature. Within its walls is a square building ornamented with pillars resting on strange grotesque-looking figures. It was once the palace of several of the Scotch kings. From the ramparts of the castle, you are presented with one of the most romantic and beautiful views in Scotland; you see a vast plain waving with yellow corn (now in all its beauty) adorned with woods, and watered by the river Forth; which though but four miles of water, by its various mazes and labyrinths, peninsula-like, covers twenty miles of ground, and appears, to a casual observer, not as one river, but a number of rivers. I think one of the greatest beauties that Scotland eminently possesses, is, their many noble
rivers,

rivers, which is, a full compensation for that general want of wood which is complained of by *unsatisfied* travellers; who are so far from being contented with the prospect before them, they must forsooth have towns and countries made on purpose to please them, or else they exclaim against art and nature, even for presenting them with that very variety, which constitutes the greatest entertainment. Nor do these querulous gentlemen seem to reflect that, if the face of the earth was naturally uniform; if destitute of that diversity, which it derives from the hill and valley, the barren heath, and the blooming garden, there would neither be any motive to excite the curiosity of the traveller, nor, perhaps, any incentive for one country to connect itself *commercially* with another. But with respect to Scotland it is but in a few places totally *denuded*. I mean not to insinuate, like the pedantic Dr. J——, that there are but two trees in one county, and they *stumpy*: But J—— is a gentleman whose ability and veracity as an Historian, I must beg leave to call in question, in spite of that curious *adaptation* of high-flown words, which he hath, with great labour, jumbled together for the *edification* of those good people that travel in their closets; to such only, must his tour be addressed, since those who go on the same road, will soon be convinced, how false an account he has given of a country, to the hospitality of whose inhabitants he owns himself so much obliged. As a *theorist*, I allow Dr. J—— to be a very moral man; but as a *practical moralist*, at least while on his tour, I have as great an objection to him, as I have to his biographical, *second-sighted* effusions: for, what shall be said of a person, who after many printed confessions of constant kindness, goes deliberately through an extensive track of country, drinking your drink, eating your bread, reposing on your bed, and then, with *premeditated* malignity, dipping his goose-quill in gall, and returning into his own country, merely to swell her triumph over that, which hath cherished him? Is it not, my Lord, (to adopt the nervous language of that Shakespeare whom he hath *elucidated* into *obscurity*)*

“As his hand,

Should tear the *mouth* that listeth *food* to't?”

I cannot think that, a greater misfortune can attend a people, than for these snarlers, (who, from the nature of their constitutions and their cloistered habits of life, ever look on the black side of the prospect;) to visit any nation as *literary* travellers, since they travel not with intent to give the world a fair account of manners and customs, but merely to exaggerate the bad and sink the good. This is the natural consequence arising from the writings of a Dr. J——, which ought to meet with the contempt that a false representation of a very worthy set of people deserves. The length of my letter frightens me, therefore I will not add a word more than that

I am, my Lord,

your much obliged servant.

* Alluding to Dr. J——'s edition of Shakespeare.

TO LADY MARY B———.

Edinburgh, August 18, 1775.

"When we returned to Edinburgh, my dear Lady Mary, we made a party to dine at Rosline Castle, a place which hath given its name to one of their pretty plaintive tunes, of which you are such an admirer. We are apt to consider such places as the classic ground of Scotland; which hath certainly produced some pathetic poets, as well as illustrious historians; and we have as much pleasure in sitting under the bushes of Traquair, the birks of Invermay, or on the banks of the Tweed, listening to the songs of the poets, as in reading the profounder pages of Philosophy, or tracing the biographical annals of the *historic Muse*.

"Rosline Castle is situated on a little hillock on the banks of the river Esk. It appears by the thickness of the walls, and the extent of the foundation, to have been a strong place; and was the seat of a prince of Orkney, who, an old woman—the Cicerone of the place—assured us, was the second man in the kingdom, and that his wife was dressed in velvet; this was all the information *she* could give *us*, and, therefore, all I can give *you*.—The chapel, which lies about 200 yards from the castle, is more modern; and, though our old woman decanted on its antiquity, by the fiddles and other ornaments on the roof, cannot be above 400 years old. The pillars that support it are all different in form, and one of them, which is thought the handsomest, though I cannot tell why, is called the Prince's pillar, or the 'prentice's—our conductress told us a legend of the master's having killed his 'prentice through envy, because he had excelled him in the construction of it. I own I saw nothing to envy in the beauty of any pillar there; but then it must be considered, that perhaps I understand as little of the beauties of architecture, as those by whom these pillars were planned. There is a vaulted chapel underneath the other, which has a holy-water font, and other remains of the popish decorations; which makes me wonder how it escaped the rage of reformation with so little damage.—Near this place is a pretty little inn, where we had most excellent trout and eels just taken from the river below us:—the poultry too was superior to what we generally meet with, and the civility of the people rendered it one of the most agreeable jaunts I have yet had.—Before I conclude my letter, (tho' I am afraid you are already yawning over it) I must present you with an elegy, or a song, or a something, which a gentleman has lately wrote on this delightful spot: it conveys a very good idea both of the ruinous and flourishing beauties of the place. You will, perhaps, not value very highly the production of a northern Muse, nor would you scarcely imagine at times, there was heat enough in the climate to kindle the enthusiasm of the bard: But I doubt not *you* will be (as *I* was) of a contrary opinion, when you have perused the following stanzas; and that I may no longer detain you from them, I conclude myself,

Yours, sincerely.

R O S.

R O S L I N E C A S T L E .

“ At dead of night, the hour, when courts
In gay fantastic pleasures move,
And haply Mira joins their sports,
And hears some newer, richer love ;
To ROSLINE's ruins I repair,
A solitary wretch forlorn ;
To mourn, uninterrupted, there,
My hapless love, her hapless scorn.

No sound of joy disturbs my strain,
No hind is whistling on the hill ;
No hunter winding o'er the plain ;
No maiden fingering at the rill.
Esk, murm'ring thro' the dusky pines,
Reflects the moon's mist-mantled beam ;
And fancy chills, where'er it shines,
To see pale ghosts obscurely gleam.

Not so the night, that in thy halls
Once, ROSLINE, danc'd in joy along ;
Where owls now scream along thy walls,
Resounded mirth-inspiring song :
Where bats now rest their smutty wings,
Th' impurled feast was wont to flow ;
And Beauty danc'd in graceful rings,
And Princes fat, where nettles grow.

What now avails, how great, how gay ,
How fair, how fine, their matchless dames !
There, sleeps their undistinguish'd clay,
And even the stones have lost their names.
And yon gay crowds must soon expire !
Unknown, unprais'd, their Fair-one's name :
Not so the charms that verse inspire ,
Encreasing years encrease her fame.

Oh Mira ! what is state or wealth ?
The Great can never love like me ;
Wealth adds not days, nor quickens health ;
Then wiser thou, come, happy be ;
Come, and be mine in this sweet spot,
Where Esk rolls clear his little wave,
We'll live—and Esk shall, in a cot,
See joys that ROSLINE never gave.”

The Gamblers, a Poem; with Notes Critical and Explanatory.
4to. 3s. Hooper.

A severe, but we fear an ineffectual, satire on the fashionable phrenzy of gaming. The poet, after describing the principal scenes and characters devoted to it, proceeds to the last act of the finished gamester, whose ill-luck at hazard reduces him to despair, and puts an end to his miserable being.

Amid the Club *, adventurous stood the King, [* Jockey-Club.]
And loudly dar'd the boldest to the Ring.

The chiefs advance, and *Harpax* burns to try, 720
With mighty Kings, the fortune of the dye.
But who with Kings contends, his forfeit life
The fine shall pay, and curse th' unequal strife.

The work of Dice begins, and "Seven the Main;"
"Eleven the Nick"—dear labyrinths of Gain! 725

'Tis *Hedging, Pleeing, Loading, Cogging, Betting,*
Long-Odds, Long-Gallery, Cheating, Swearing, Setting.
But soon sad *Harpax* mourns the luckless Main,
And Nicks advance their conquering aid in vain.

The *Doctors* fail.—And now, in mad despair, 730
The furious man, blaspheming, rends his hair:
Now moodful grown, a gloomy calm succeeds,
The lips of blasphemy repress'd by deeds:

To cheat his God, Omnipotence to flee,
Impious, he meditates the *Grande Sortie*; 735

That welcome, dreadful, cordial of the Sad!

The Fool's resort, the refuge of the Mad!

The Lover's cure, the Tyrant's surest friend,

The Coward's triumph, and the Gamester's end!

And now the moon-struck man for death prepares, 740
And, launching, vainly hopes to end his cares.

The self-same God, all-powerful, and all-wise,

That chasten'd here, hereafter can chastise.

His palm the universe sustains:—shall Man

Confine Infinitude, or God tropan? 745

"Away, vain Doubt!" the desperate Hero cry'd,

Then grasp'd the welcome Death, with dreadful pride!

The Flint he fix'd, and well the Cock survey'd,

With trembling joy the Trigger next essay'd;

V. 719. ——— *The Ring.*] Not the Ring in *Hyde-Park*, where the boldest are often dared; but the Ring at Hazard, where adventurers deposit their money.

V. 735. ——— *Grande Sortie.*] The *Grand Leap*, or Suicide's descent.

V. 748. *The Flint he fix'd, &c.*] In allusion to Homer's beautiful description of the Bow of *Pandarus*, IL. 4.

Ελκε δ' ομα γλοφιδας τε λαβων, και νευρα θορια·

Νευρην μιν μαζω πιλλασιν, τοξω δε σιδηρον·

Αυλας επειδε κυκλοιερας μεγα ταξον σιμνι.

Διγχι βιος· νευρη δε μιν· ιακιν, αλλο δ' οϊσλος

Οξυβελης, καθ' ομαλον επιπυσθαι μεναιαμιν.

The Barrel strait unscrew'd, and lodg'd with care
The Leaden Death, and Nitrous Vengeance, there.
Then, to his ear the thundering Tube applies.—
Fate sign'd; and Death's impatient Warrant flies.

750

Thus, when Ambition on some distant shore
Lets slip the dogs of blood, and thirsts for more,
The Die of War for dear dominion thrown,
Relentless Ammon bids the Nations groan;
And now to *fleece*, and now to *load*, he tries,
And for the Tyrant's crimes the Subject dies.

755

But loving Souls in virtuous leagues allied,
Nor force can rend, nor conquering Death divide.
How oft, dear Youth! observant didst thou blend
Th' experienc'd Groom, th' unmercenary Friend!
And oft thine Heel provok'd th' equestrian strife,
And oft thou'lt brav'd the precipice of life,
In Friendship's cause—oft taught the generous Steed
Well-manag'd fury, and mechanic speed:
For, Jockey-fame, and Knowledge were thine own,
And foremost in the roll of Grooms you shone.
Yet mark! sequacious of thy much-lov'd Ghost,
Bellario seeks the dark Cimmerian coast;
And mindful of thine end, and friendship's rites,
In Death partakes, and shade with shade unites.
One hour divides, one sacred urn contains
His honour'd ashes, and thy lov'd remains:
For, near that walk, where thousands every day,
Pimps, Courtiers, Coxcombs, saunter life away;
Where mix the Bankrupt and the broken Wit,
The forward Bully, and the sneaking Cit;

760

765

770

775

Where

V. 752. *Then to his ear the thundering Tube applies.*] Why *thundering*? Could *Harpax* hear the report? I am credibly informed he could not: for that the application of a *loaded tube* to the auditory nerves, effectually destroys all sense of *hearing*. I would therefore reduce the Line to the *level* of common sense.

Then to his ear the levell'd tube applies.

All *tubes* must be *levell'd* in a certain direction, before their contents can be lodged with due execution. WARN.

V. 756. *The die of War.*] “*Jacta est Alea*: if we don't kill them, they will kill us.”—The noble language of a noble Lord.

V. 759. *And for the Tyrant's crimes the Subject dies.*]

—ΟΛΙΚΑΝΤΟ ΔΕ ΛΟΟΙ,

ΟΥΝΕΚΑ ΤΩΝ ΧΕΥΣΩΝ ΝΤΙΜΧΟ ΣΕΝΤΗΡΟ

ΑΤΡΩΔΕΣ. IL. i.

Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.

HOR.

V. 765. *And oft thou'lt brav'd the precipice of life, In Friendship's cause.*] Risking his neck by riding matches for his friend *Bellario*, when the fidelity of Grooms and Jockeys could not be depended on.

V. 771. — *Cimmerian coast.*] *Cimmeria* was a country near *Baia* and the Lake *Avernus*, the fabulous descent into Hell.

Cimmerion

Where Demi-reps and Demi-heroes throng, 780
 And empty Poets warble empty song;
 Where Cheapside Cuckolds, in their Best, repair
 On sabbaths, with their *Dears*, to take the air;
 Where elms o'ershade; and, grateful to the skies,
 In fragrant steams *Augéan* odours rise— 785
 A passage leads to *Cleveland's* courtly Row,
 And well that passage Kings, and Chairmen know.
 There, to the right, a goodly structure stands,
 Whose southern aspect Mall and Park commands.
 Here Beauty's chaste Vice-gerent holds her drum, 790
 And Peers of easy conscience, nightly, come:
 Here Princes knock, Ambassadors resort,
 And Maids of Honour drive the Sunday Sport;
 Cards all their joy, and Pleasure all their aim,
 And these a Fortune lose, and those a Name. 795
 With different views a different game they spring;
 One steals an Assignment, one a Ring.
 Dear scene, at once, of Sharping and Delight!
 Where Love, and Plunder, rule by turns the Night.
 Her Virtue here, when Fortune turns the scale, 800
 My Lady, nothing backward, sets to sale:
 A Debt of Honour is a sacred thing;
 This Centries know, nor Centries fables sing.
 'Twas here, what time adventurous *Harpax* fell,
 And left the *Shadow* for the *Substance*, *HELL*, 805
 As by some powerful sympathy possess'd,
 Death's secret hand *Bellarion's* breath suppress'd.

*Cimmerion etiam obscuras accessit ad arces,
 Ulys nunguam candente dies apparuit ortu,
 Seve supra terras Phæbus, seu curreret infra.*

TIBUL.

V. 785. *Augéan odours.*] The fragrance of a *Stable-yard*.

V. 803. *This Centries know, &c.*] Fame reports, that once upon a time, about the solemn hour of midnight, when all was wrapt in sleep, save the ever-wakeful Eyes of Sentinels, watchful over the actions of mortal men and women—a sleepless guardian of the night, stationed within the atmosphere of *Augéan odours*, darting his unslumbering eyes around, witnessed, through the brown shades of night, a *Debt of Honour* discharged in the fashionable mode. The gallant creditor (a mighty Colonel, it is said) with uncommon generosity of Soul, presenting the honest Sentinel with a *whole Spilling*, the story had the misfortune, by ten o'clock the next morning, to be bruited through the whole three regiments of Foot-guards.

V. 805. *And left the shadow for the substance, Hell.*] *Hell*, the *Gebenna* of the Damnd, adumbrated in the earthly Type, described above, *passim*.

V. 806. *As by some powerful sympathy possess'd.*] It was an antient opinion, that there subsisted a certain *Sympathy* between near and tender relations, fond lovers and their mistresses, true and sincere friends, &c. &c. either party feeling itself touched and affected with whatever concerned the other, howsoever distant and separated they might be. Were it necessary, many undoubted instances of these *sympathies* might be adduced. Agreeable to the above doctrine, *Bellarion* feels the mortal *Sympathy* of *stiffening frosts*, and *unnerving damps*, which the Death of his friend *Harpax* is supposed to communicate.

Those

Those joints that well advanc'd the rattling trade,
Unnerving damps, and stiffening frosts invade:
His pale lips quiver at th' approaching blast,
And Hazard, Hell, and Harpax, was his last!

810

The History of the Flagellants, or the Advantages of Discipline; Being a Paraphrase and Commentary on the Historia Flagellantium of the Abbé Boileau, Doctor of the Sorbonne, Canon of the Holy Chapel, &c. By Somebody who is not Doctor of the Sorbonne. 4to. 1l. 1s. Hingeston.

"The Abbé Boileau, the Author of the *Historia Flagellantium*, was elder brother to the celebrated Poet of that name. He filled, several years, the place of Dean of the Metropolitan Church of Sens, and was thence promoted to the office of one of the Canons of the Holy Chapel, in Paris, which is looked upon as a great dignity among the French Clergy.

"While he was in that Office, about the year 1700, he wrote, among other Books, that which is the subject of this Work *. This Book, in which the Public expected, from the title of it, to find an History of the particular Sect of Hereticks called Flagellants, only contained an aggregation of facts and quotations on the subject of self-disciplines and flagellations in general among Christians (which, if the Book had been well done, would have been no less interesting), and a mixture of alternate commendation, and blame, of that practice.

"The Theologians of that time, however, took offence at the Book. They judged that the Author had been guilty in it, of several heretical assertions, for instance in saying, as he does in two or three places, that Jesus Christ had suffered flagellation against his will; and they particularly blamed the censures which, amidst his commendations of it, he had passed upon a practice which so many Saints had adopted, so many Pontiffs and Bishops had advised, and so many Ecclesiastical Writers had commended.

"In the second place, they objected to several facts which the Author had inserted in his Book, as well as to the singular freedom of expression he had sometimes indulged; and they said that such facts, and such manner of expression, ought not to be met with in a Book written by a good Christian, and much less by a Dean of the Metropolitan Church of Sens, a Canon of the Holy Chapel, and in short by a Man invested with a great dignity in the Church; in which latter respect they were perhaps right †.

* The title of the Book is *Historia Flagellantium, de recto & perverso flagrorum usu apud Christianos*. 12mo. Parisiis, apud J. Anisson, Typographæ Regiæ Præfectum, MDCC.

† Our Author, who was rather singular in the choice of his subjects, had written another Treatise *De tactibus impudicis prohibendis*, and another on the dress of Clergymen, wherein he attempted to prove that they might as well wear it short as long.

"Among the Critics of our Author's Book, were the Jesuits of Trevoux; the then conductors of a periodical Review, called the *Journal de Trevoux*. The Poet Boileau, taking the part of his Brother, answered their criticisms by the following epigram

*Non, le livre des Flagellans
N'a jamais condamné, lisez le bien mes Peres,
Ces rigidités salutaires
Que pour ravir le Ciel, saintement violens,
Exercent sur leurs corps tant de Chrétiens austères.
Il blâme seulement cet abus odieux
D'étaler & d'offrir aux yeux
Ce que leur doit toujours cacher la bienfaisance,
Et combat vivement la fausse piété,
Qui, sous couleur d'éteindre en nous la volupté,
Par l'austérité même & par la pénitence
Sait allumer le feu de la lubricité."*

Such is the account given, of the Abbé Boileau's performance, in the preface to the present history: the writer of which, having lighted on a copy, judged that its singularity and the nature of the facts it contains rendered it worthy to be laid before the public.—For our own part, we must confess ourselves to be of a very different opinion; for, though its singularity may recommend it to the curious among the learned, the nature of the facts it contains is such as, we think, should have deterred, rather than encouraged, the writer in dressing it, as he says, "in vulgar language," for the use of the unlearned. Indeed, unless the writer intended this work for an ironical satire on history in general, or the pretended philosophical Historians of modern times in particular, we can see no good use, nor discover any laudable design, in its publication.—The preface, it is true, hath enumerated its utility and advantages; but we can hardly conceive him to be serious, when he insinuates that there is nothing contained in it inconsistency with decency and religion. On the other hand, we cannot help regarding both the text and commentary, here presented us, as an affront both to religion and decency. The commentator, it must be owned, hath a recent precedent, in the favourable reception of *Tristram Shandy*, how far even obscenity may be made acceptable to the public, when artfully introduced beneath the mask of amusement. And that this history is amusing we cannot deny, although we cannot but condemn such kind of amusement; most of the pleasant stories contained in it appearing to us more calculated, *allumer le feu de la lubricité*, than to answer any other purpose whatever; unless it be that of putting money into the translator's pocket*.—On the

* Books of this stamp being too eagerly sought after, and the Abbé Boileau's work, "a twelves book, printed on a very large type, being here swelled into a majestic quarto" price one guinea. *Rev.*

whole, we are sorry to see so much learning and ingenuity so egregiously misapplied on such a subject. At the same time we hope it is not true, that such a waste of both hath been committed, as we are informed, by the *Genevan Advocate*, de Lolme*.

S.

A Letter to Courtney Melmoth, Esq; With some Remarks on two Books, called Liberal Opinions, and the Pupil of Pleasure. 8vo. 6d †. Wilkie.

We should not take up this little performance again (not that we proportion our attention to literary productions according to the ratio of their bulk) had not the abrupt leave, we were obliged to take of it last month, led many of our readers into the supposition that we entirely approved of the Letter-writer's censure on Mr. Melmoth's books above mentioned. In justice to this ingenious, young author, as well as in regard to the interesting nature of the subject, we therefore beg leave to be a little more explicit.

The Letter-writer states her objections, at the beginning of her epistle thus.

"I have been desired by some friends, to read the books above-mentioned, and to give my opinion of them, whether or no they may safely be put into the hands of youth.

"This question I conceive to be of some importance to the public, which is concerned in the publication of such books as are written professedly for the benefit of the rising generation.

"Such, Sir, is your declared intention, and it is presumed that such is your real design, but if this be true, you must have been under great mistake, as to the means that are most likely to produce this effect:—and as you appear to be of *liberal opinions*, I cannot doubt that you will readily lend an ear to the admonition of a friend to human kind, who is more solicitous to promote the cause of virtue, than to expose the failings and mistakes of any of her friends.

"Permit me, Sir, to ask you a serious question: do you really think that the cause of virtue is promoted, by representations of vice?—you have a warm and luxuriant imagination, a flowing and easy style, and your *forte* is in the display of scenes of voluptuousness, you dwell upon minute circumstances that heighten the descriptions, and give the utmost scope to the reader's imagination. Your scenes do not excite any hatred of vice; that is reserved for the after-reflexions upon it, which I fear will not eradicate the former impressions.

* Author of a treatise on the Constitution of England. *Rev.*

† By mistake, in our last, put One Shilling.

"The Pupil of Pleasure is the preceptor of voluptuousness: think you that any sober matron would suffer her daughters or nieces to read the 24th letter of the first volume out? indeed two thirds of the book are rather calculated to inspire vice than to correct it."

The writer proceeds,

"Is it necessary that our sex should know all the mysteries of iniquity; in order to defend us from the snares of yours?—I trust not—ignorance of vice is at least *one* of the preservatives against it—there is something in true modesty, uncorrupted by false refinements, that lays a stronger restraint upon the most abandoned libertine, than the utmost efforts of that prudence which is acquired at the expence of female delicacy."

We are of the writer's opinion, that the cause of virtue is not promoted by representations of vice; as well as that it is by no means necessary the female sex should know all the mysteries of iniquity, in order to defend them from the snares of the men. On the contrary we are of opinion that female *delicacy* (we had almost said female *virtue*) depends almost entirely on that innocence, which is founded on ignorance. As the tree of knowledge was fatal to the first woman, it has been generally so to her descendants. At the same time we cannot condemn the particular passages pointed out by Euphrasia, nor indeed Mr. Melmoth's manner of description in general. However bold and animated his outlines or even glowing the colours, with which he sometimes heightens the picture, they do not appear to us to be calculated to excite loose or criminal desires. The 24th letter, pointed out by Euphrasia, as particularly exceptionable, appears, on the other hand, calculated to expose the most refined and dangerous power of seduction, possessed by unfeeling men; that of affecting what they do not feel. The scene there described is calculated to warn, to alarm, to terrify the innocent female, and inform her of the practice of dissimulation to a degree, which she would otherwise think impossible: And this is done surely, without exciting any other feeling in the reader than that of horror and detestation against the accomplished dissembler. Euphrasia extols, among other writers, the inimitable Richardson, who is complimented by some for having "taught the passions to play at the command of virtue," we cannot help thinking, however, there are some scenes and passages in Richardson's works, much more calculated to excite loose images and wanton desires than we meet with in the books which are the subject of Euphrasia's letter. Nor are we singular in our opinion of the propriety, with which Mr. Melmoth has laudably endeavoured to expose the pernicious system of Lord Chesterfield in his Pupil of Pleasure: as a proof of which we transcribe an extract or two of a letter

from

from a very ingenious and able critic ;* who has himself been censured for making too free with the letters of that noble Lord. " I am peculiarly pleased," says he, " and affected with Mr. Melmoth's command of language, his redundant imagination, his various and animated descriptions, and his happy application of them, in order to expose Lord Chesterfield's principles ; but, above all, with the contempt and honest indignation, he expresses for his maxims and licentious morals." The pupil of pleasure, says he, " is *Lord Chesterfield's Theory of education and manners embodied* and exhibited in full proportion. The colours are *his*, and disposed according to his precept : the motion, the attitude, the passions and manners are copied from *him*, and bear the strongest resemblance of their original ; while the insincerity, the hypocrisy and treachery of *Sedley*, the infamy of his life and the misery of his death, render him an object of contempt, detestation and horror."—After making this declaration in favour of Mr. Melmoth, we must in justice to the author of the performance before us, confess that it contains some very just and interesting reflections on the present situation and circumstances of women in respect to their connections and commerce with men.

" The female sex are equally injured by the pride and disrespect of the pedant, and the impertinent familiarity of the licentious. Female virtue, like regal prerogative, is hurt by being too frequently and familiarly discussed ; both are best served in a respectful silence :—but this has been boldly broken by both friends and enemies, and it is now become necessary to make a thorough enquiry into the merits of the cause.

" In this situation, it is worthy the enquiry of a philosopher, why at a time when our sex has had so much honour done to it by the champions of your sex, and exemplary virtues and accomplishments of individuals of ours, there should be so many liberties taken by the herd of your sex, with the generality of ours ? Richardson—Fordyce—Thomas—Ruffel—Gregory—have, by respecting us, become themselves respectable. The names of Carter—Lennox—Montague—Griffith—Chapone—have in our days appeared as examples of female virtue, adorned with the highest accomplishments :—are not such patrons and patronesses sufficient to oblige the men in general to treat us with respect, or at least with decorum ?—alas no !—it appears too plainly they are not. I can only conjecture the causes of this evil, and leave it to abler pens to pursue the enquiry, and to draw from it inferences that may be beneficial to posterity.

" There is a strange alteration in the manners of both sexes in this country within the last twenty years, which will afford sufficient matter for investigation ; there are also some particular considerations that

* The Reverend Mr. Thomas Hunter, author of *Observations on Lord Chesterfield's Letters*.

will throw a light upon the subject: for example, the too frequent instances of conjugal infidelity may fairly be traced from the famous marriage act, before that era they were very rare in this country; many other kinds of degeneracy may in like manner be easily traced to their sources:—there are two methods of pursuing the enquiry I would recommend.

“The first tedious, dry, diffuse, unsatisfactory; the second short, clear, and demonstrative; the first takes a circuit, and enquires into the various methods of education in different times and countries, and from whence reasons of their effects upon the manners; the second briefly considers the manners first, and traces from them the good or evil methods of education; for example, if we look back to any period of time, when the sons of Britain were hardy, manly and virtuous, and her daughters sober, delicate and chaste, we cannot doubt but they were properly educated.

“When we consider the manners of the youth of our days, we cannot but believe there is something wrong in the present system of education, and in the manner of their introduction into the world, as they approach to the age of maturity. If our sons are effeminate and dissolute, and our daughters pert, affected and dissipated, we may draw these brief conclusions in defiance of Rousseau and all his disciples; that restraint is absolutely necessary in the education of the youth of both sexes.

That a too early introduction into *life* as it is called, is destructive to that modesty which nature intended for the guard of virtue. That a too early intercourse between the two sexes, whether in public or private assemblies, renders them cheap in the eyes of each other, and instead of promoting matrimony, produces celibacy, which needs no proof; for as Slender says, “upon further familiarity there grows more contempt.”

“Lastly, that by reading books of all kinds and tendencies indiscriminately, young people acquire a dangerous kind of knowledge, that cultivates their passions, and weakens their reason; it litters the head and corrupts the heart; and that one of the great corrupters of the principles and practice of the youth of this age and country is
A CIRCULATING LIBRARY.”

In this we are in some degree of Euphrasia's opinion; but the reason is not that such *libraries are circulating*, but that the books circulated are in general such terrible trash. S.

The Englishman's Fortnight in Paris; or the Art of ruining himself there in a few Days. By an Observer. Translated from the French. 8vo. 3s. Durham.

This Observer is neither a Rousseau nor a Smollett*; his remarks are, nevertheless, shrewd and pertinent, and may afford

* Who have, both, given a spirited and entertaining account of the tricks and impositions of the Parisians; the former in his *Eloisa*, and the latter in the *Memoirs of Ferdinand Count Fathom*.

not only agreeable entertainment but beneficial instruction to such as are in a situation to require or profit by his animadversions. If what the translator says, indeed, in his preface, be true, the publication of this piece in the English language may possibly be much more useful than at first sight it promises.

"It is seen," says the writer, "by the books of the Lieutenant of the Police in Paris, that there are three thousand English travellers in that capital, and we should be glad to think that the moderate estimate of one hundred a year for the expences of each of them, making a sum of three hundred thousand pounds spent there, and lost to this Country, was the worst consequence. But alas! these excursions not only prove ruinous to many individuals who become dupes to the Knights of Industry, assembled from all quarters at Paris, but help to corrupt the manners and morals of those who remain at home by the introduction of many pernicious enervating luxuries.

"Our female *Cateries*, our *Savoir-vivre*, and other clubs, that have reduced gaming to a system, cannot fail to bring this nation to destruction; for what posterity can be expected from a Generation of Gamblers, but a nation of *Dunces*?"

This performance contains a relation of the adventures of a young English *milord*, in Paris, during the space of fifteen days; in which time he makes shift, with the assistance of opera-girls, Irish pimps, and French sharpers, to run through twelve thousand guineas, for which he brings back to England the sole acquisition of the compliment usually paid by the free-hearted ladies of that country to those amorous young Englishmen, who pay their devotions at the shrine of their charms.

It will not be expected that we should enter into the particulars of such a relation. As the relater, however, was sometimes disengaged from scenes of dissipation, we find his observations on literature and the fine arts on such occasions not unworthy notice. Those on the French stage and the literary character of Voltaire merit citation.—"Bonillac proposed to spend the evening at the French comedy. My lord, says he, this is the theatre, which should be frequented by foreigners: it is here *where* the French language is spoken in the greatest purity, and where you will find the truest picture of the manners of our nation. Here you may acquire the first, and learn to know the other."

"The tragedy of *Phædra* was the piece to be played that night on the French stage. I should not have been able to have relished the beauties of this play, if my conductor had not prepared me for it, by giving me some idea of it beforehand, and, at each scene, hastily sketched over the detail. By this means, he enabled me to follow the sublime and pathetic expression of an old actress, whose abilities seemed to me to be as unquestionably great, as those of our celebrated Garrick.

"When

“When the first piece was over, Bouillac entertained me with his opinions on the difference between the French and English drama. Beside the national character which prescribes the limits to genius in a theatrical career, said he, nature has given you a matchless poet in your great Shakespeare; whose just and true imagination, in the immensity of its flight, comprehended all ages, all men, and all places. His descriptions present to our view the unconfined free manner of nature herself. He constantly follows her, and never fails to possess her, with all her variety and copiousness. What an advantage for the English stage to have had such an extraordinary man for its founder! He has disentangled nature from those fetters made sacred by antiquity, and extended her laws for the benefit of those, who, after him, would run the same career, though without the hope of reaching such a flight; and, unquestionably, it is to him you owe that superiority which the English have over the French tragedies. The French pieces of that kind are little more, in my eyes, than romances in dialogue, written in very fine verse, but whose cold uniform action tires and freezes. The conduct has a general sameness, and continual monotony. Perhaps, the nation may one day come to see this fault, if ever that phantom, which is worshiped by the name of taste, happens to be despoiled of his assumed importance. I should be ashamed, my Lord, to explain myself with such freedom, in presence of our connoisseurs;—I should run a risk of being treated as barbarous. This nation must always imitate the Greeks; they do it, at least, by shewing a contempt for every thing which is not of their own literary growth, and which departs from those rules within which two or three *beaux esprits* have thought proper to confine genius, by writing commentaries on Aristotle.

“It is forbidden, for example, to open the scene, but by a flat and insipid narration. The rigorous law, which they call the three unities, obliges the author to give this dull explanation, which would frequently appear ridiculous, if custom did not prevent them from being sensible of this absurdity. One actor informs another, in sounding rhimes, of his genealogy, birth, history of his parents, and a number of other things which the last ought to know better than the speaker. It is commonly some confident, who, in favour of the audience, stuns with insipid repetitions, the hero of the piece, who is ready to yawn. The unity of the place obliges the author to set his characters in motion like puppets, that they may incessantly return in a most whimsical childish manner to the gallery of the palace, where we are tired with a melancholy dream of recitals and discoveries:—and this is nearly the whole of what is permitted. No additional incident, no second-rate character, which is so useful with you, in bringing on the catastrophe, and in supporting the spirit of the scene, but, at best, some dull, stupid confident, whose parts are so wretchedly composed, that none are found to fill them but inferior actors, whose performance throws into burlesque the scenes which ought to be the most powerfully engaging. Surely, you will never be brought to think the most perfect of these compositions to be a master-piece: for, it is plain, that they present nothing but a mass of dull unassuming insipidity, where, at best, we find no recompence for our attention, but in the richness and beauty of the narration.

“It

"It is not so with the French comedies, continued Bouillac: Plautus and Terence, as well as Aristophanes, live again in Moliere, or rather he has surpassed them all. It is true, that he had not the same obstacle to contend with as our tragic poets. Comedy may be made interesting by means of more simple accessories than can be admitted into tragedy. That merciless chimera, taste, who so strongly circumscribes the field where genius might range, has less important consequences, in a less elevated species of writing. The action, as well as the characters, being taken from common life, they may be unfolded by the same kinds of incidents. Moliere then was more at his ease in this respect. You will see the native simplicity and truth of his touch. Here he also analysed to me the *Precieuses Ridicules*, which was going to be played, and putting the piece in my hand, he advised me to take the advantage of reading, that I might more easily follow the performance. You see, continued he, that upon this stage, both the actors and authors succeed much better in comedy, which is a constant and evident proof of its superiority. Tragedy being, in this country, constrained and unnatural; those people, who perform the characters, inevitably contract an affected blustering tone of voice, and stray so far from nature, that to be able to play both kinds well, happens very seldom; but in England, on the contrary, the tone and gait of tragedy being that of nature, does not destroy the comic talents of the actor, and it is to this difference, undoubtedly, that Garrick, and some others, owe that union and equal abilities in both kinds, which contrary causes make the people of Paris believe to be incompatible, or wonderful. The actresses whom you have just now seen, knew how to reconcile them (thanks to the powers of her mind), which made her abjure the emphasis of the French Melpomene: but she has been obliged, sometimes, to appear low and undeserving, to please an audience who have been spoiled by the practice of over-acting those emotions, where the English would have found her sublime; and is content with, now and then, extorting from the pit involuntary expressions of admiration, or rather of feeling, with strokes of nature unknown to other actors. This woman would have surpassed Garrick, if she had known Shakespeare; but it will be a great while before he is known to her or to this country. It would not be enough that the French language acquired an energy which it has not at present. If the national character which presides over language, as in every thing else, does not change, the master-pieces of this immortal and singular genius will be for ever lost to them."

On Mr. Voltaire's literary character and his late opposition to the translation of Shakespeare, are made the following pertinent reflections in the Preface. They are styled a vindication of the above-cited panegyric on Shakespeare.

"The memory of that extraordinary genius [Shakespeare] is honoured by a tribute of endless encomiums:—His dramatic works have been for more than an age the subject of universal admiration in a most respectable nation, among whom the belles-lettres and the sciences flourish: yet a man of genius, to whom France has given birth, has dared to reach forth a profane and ungrateful hand to blast the laurels which adorn his immortal brow.

"Is Mr. de Voltaire insensible of the superiority of that honour with which candour and gratitude crown a man of celebrated genius, to that arising from the illusions with which he may mislead an insatuated vulgar? Are not his eyes good enough to see that such a kind of enthusiasm can, at best, only draw a party of his own times after him, which probably he may long outlive? Besides, there is so great an affinity between justness of thought, elegance of expression, and vigour of imagination, that whoever is possessed of the first of these gifts, is very seldom unprovided of the rest:—surely then his splendid reputation could have suffered nothing from acknowledging Shakespeare to be a genius of the first order, and that he had been indebted to him for some truly valuable passages. A monopolising spirit leads to great meannesses! While we pay to the great talents of Mr. de Voltaire, the most sincere, though at the same time, the most impartial respect, we cannot help blaming him for those excesses to which we sometimes see him transported.

"Racine did not rail against Mr. Dacier, for having dared to translate those authors, who were his guides and models;—the partisans of that poet did not call Brumoi barbarous and silly for having drawn a parallel between them, but we are assured that these epithets have escaped Mr. de Voltaire, against the translators of Shakespeare. We should be much pleased in doubting of this fact; it would be excessively indecent in him to domineer over opinions and sentiments, with that despotic sway he so much abhors in others.

"It is a long time since we foretold some of the extravagant partisans of that poet, that in proportion as a knowledge of English literature became extended over France, he would lose the reputation of originality in more than one of his productions. He has so many, that such a sacrifice would be a meer trifle, especially if he makes it with a good grace.

"The celebrated writers of the age of Louis XIV. were acquainted with the Italian and Spanish languages, but knew as little of the English as of the Huron; yet Milton, Shakespeare, and Dryden, before that time, had published some master-pieces of genius. Towards the middle of the age of Louis XV. Mr. de Voltaire studied their language and writings, and profited by that knowledge. He was too quick-sighted not to be sensible of the great advantages he had over the imitators of Lopez de Vega, and the other Spanish authors, &c. This remained a secret while the French, immersed in prejudices, did not think of extending their views to the literary character of a people, whom they only knew at that time by their reciprocal hatred of each other.

"Mr. de Voltaire has no reason to be offended with this discovery. He is not reproached with being a plagiarist;—pens, like the pen of Mr. de Voltaire, embellish while they imitate;—this is by no means pillaging. When we observe his ill-humour and invectives against the English poet, we should be apt to imagine him either so very irascible, or so very awkward, as to confound these ideas—he exposes himself by such weakness.

"Horace ventured to say, that even the great Homer now and then slumbered;—if the caustical Freron were still alive, he would think that

that he had a right to say that Mr. de Voltaire was doating. Heaven avert such a thought, and save us from being guilty of such a literary blasphemy; on the contrary, let us fly to escape his wrath, and the ireful fury of his numerous confederacy.

“ Let the hardy and valuable translators of Shakespeare reproach him with, and prove to him, his singular obligations to the English poet;—let them accuse him of having missed the noblest flights in his imitations;—the field is fairly open to them: but let us, who have not strength for such bold enterprizes, be satisfied with begging of him, for the sake of the English nation, whom he has so often extravagantly praised; for the sake of a few Frenchmen, who judge from their feelings, and not from the periodical decrees, which some journalists receive by post from the *Pays de Gex*; and lastly for our own sakes, that we may be permitted to admire *Othello*, *Cæsar*, &c. &c. &c. because these pieces paint human nature, and sensibly move our passions; an effect which criticism and abuse can no more prevent, with respect to them, than the sarcasms of Mr. Clement could hinder the triumph of the *Henriade*.

“ With such eminent abilities as those of Mr. de Voltaire, with a reputation so justly acquired, and so constantly supported, a man never deceives himself without a hazard of misleading others. The opinions which he has, or pretends to have adopted, gain credit and take root in the minds of other men. We have seen the serious consequences of an error in a man of the highest reputation, and we chiefly venture to combat it, because of his distinguished superiority.

“ If the unjust opinion which ranks Shakespeare with the croud of monstrous authors who wrote in the ages of barbarism, had escaped from one of those feeble abortions, who periodically blot paper for the satisfaction of some people who endeavour to make them seem *something*; we should leave them to exhaust and annihilate themselves under their academical laurels, and talk nonsense to humour the *Regent* who is the prop of their imbecillity.

“ Mr. de Voltaire, equally sensible to praise and satire, has frequently procured fame and regard to works, which without his help had never been paid to ordinary abilities. It is a nostrum with some authors, for the sale of a book, to place in the front those little epistles which he has never failed to write in answer to those who prostrate themselves before him.

“ If an author continues steady in his worship, and never fails to tack his name and praises to every page that he publishes, he will find that the party, which is very numerous, will imperceptibly adopt him, and then he may preach at his ease. The literary pigmies whom we have been speaking of, notwithstanding their non-entity in other circumstances, immediately became important upon their admission into the confederacy.

“ If we endeavour to warn the public against what these echo's may repeat after the sage of Ferney;—if we remind them of their never having possessed one original thought of their own, and that their interested opinions are nothing but the monstrous produce of envy and personal vanity;—if we observe that they do not understand, and that they never read, the sublime and original author whom they condemn,

it is not from an apprehension that the impression made by their decree can have any extensive influence; it is rather to convince the public more and more of the necessity of judging for themselves of the works that are published, and to shew them how just that indignation is, which they begin to feel against that insolent and impudent cabal, which would erect a throne for its idol, and, ranging itself around the despot, form a literary inquisition*.

"Perhaps this stroke is severe, but let it be remembered, that in striking the blow we are only challenging a privilege which they have made use of as a pretence for their usurpations.—*the liberty of thinking.* It is fortunate that the destruction of letters has been prevented by want of abilities in those petty tyrants, who, by lavishing stupid and contemptible encomiums, have obtained warrants and passports from Mr. de Voltaire, whose vanity is so easily tickled, that it should make them be instantly suspected.

"May the present age do him justice, by placing him by the side, or even above, the greatest known genius;—we will not oppose it;—it is an homage which is due to him: but let us likewise do him justice, by always doubting, and never submitting to be led either by his praises, or his censures." S.

Six Discourses; to which is prefixed an Introduction; containing A View of the Genuine Antient Philosophy; of the natural and affectual Tendency of that Philosophy, and of Christian Morality, to all True Prosperity in this World; and some Observations on a Book lately published, entitled, A View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion. By Percival Stockdale. 8vo. 3s. Conant.

These discourses are dedicated to Dr. Shipley Bishop of St. Asaph, as the author insinuates, the only one bishop on the bench, to whom can be given large praise without flattery; which he declares, however, that he does without the least hope of his lordship's patronage. If this be true, it is a proof of his possessing that independent spirit, he affects to admire, as well as of his originality, as he styles it, in writing a dedication; especially if it be considered that, being in a situation dependent on *Administration* †, he warmly engages on the side of persons and principles supposed to be obnoxious to it.

* This is the case in every country, where any writer of eminence will stoop to those meannesses, which are necessary to form such a cabal, and at the same time insolently assume the inquisitorial chair. *Rev.*

† An administration which he is bold enough to call *blundering and oppressive*; and which he, not improbably, so calls on purpose to provoke ministerial vengeance, that he may have the honour of a political martyrdom, by sacrificing his chaplainship at the shrine of independence. *Rev.*

In the *Introduction* to these discourses, Mr. Stockdale endeavours to obviate an objection or two, that may be urged against their most important principles and arguments.

"Ever since," says he, "I was capable of exerting reason; ever since I was conversant with the writers of Greece and Rome; from all that I could think, and from all that I could collect; it has been my fixed opinion, that the precepts of the gospel form a system for the conduct of human life essentially the same with the morality of the most celebrated ancient philosophers.

"This view of human and divine ethics was so far from weakening, that it strengthened my belief in Christianity. I was happy to find that the immediate revelation of the will of God coincided with the doctrine of those virtuous and sublime sages who possessed the purest and strongest reason; that original and sacred guide, which in all civil and religious matters determines the assent or opposition, the belief or disbelief, of every man who dares to be honest, and to be free."

The writer digresses here to pay a just encomium on an author, whose opinion coincides with his own.

"It appears from the writings of one very respectable and eminent author, that he thinks exactly with me of the excellence, of the perfection, of ancient morality. I mean the author of *Hermes*; that complete and elegant scholar, that fine reasoner, that sentimental and elevated philosopher, whose works do great honour to English literature, and severely reproach our men of independent fortune for the wretched misapplication of their time. If that gentleman should read this introduction, I beg that he would accept my mite of praise, not as an encomium which I thought would give him any consequence; but as the warm tribute of a heart that glows with gratitude for the noble pleasure which his books have afforded me.

"My studies are broken and desultory, like my life. To corroborate my opinion, let me therefore appeal to a book which is fresh in my memory, and incorporated with my sentiments. If the accurate and unprejudiced reader will carefully peruse the *Tusculan questions* of Cicero, he will find that their moral eloquence, which comprizes an epitome of the ethics of the best old schools, would serve as well for a commentary on the Gospel. It may be objected to that beautiful and animated compendium of the most interesting truths, that the *Wife-man* of the author is unexceptionable; complete in virtue; superior to the soft allurements of pleasure, and to the cruellest persecution of pain. But this objection would be precipitate, not just. Does not the life of Christ exhibit a perfect moral character? and is not he proposed in the New Testament, and by all evangelical instructors, as the model for our imitation? The ancient philosophers, as well as our Saviour and his apostles, knew that in their most generous disciples there would always remain some infirmity, some vice; and that their moral course was to be held as direct as possible. Hence they illustrated and enforced their precepts and arguments with a bright example; harmonious in all its parts; uniformly good and great; an example which their followers were to imitate; which they were to endeavour

deavour to emulate :—an example, which, as it did not authorize any deviation from rectitude of manners, would keep them intent and vigilant on the culture of the mind; and, as it was dignified and graced with all the majesty and attraction of virtue, would stimulate them to perform the most disinterested and heroic actions. Much grave censure and much pert irony have been thrown out on stoical rant and stoical apathy, by those who had not learning enough to know, understanding enough to comprehend, or sentiment enough to feel, that divine philosophy. It has likewise been objected to the heathen authors, that they never could agree in a moral system; and that their several theories are extremely defective and inconsistent. This has been asserted by theological pedants; and echoed by their superficial pupils ever since literature was diffused over Europe. And to this objection I answer, that in Old Greece and Rome, as in other countries, men of poor talents and cavilling tempers pretended to explain and inculcate ethics;—that writers of mean abilities and intemperate warmth will always rather weaken than promote the best cause; that Christianity itself is often dishonoured and injured by the absurdity of its presumptuous defenders; and by their zeal without knowledge; and that the moral obligations proposed by the true sages and great authors of antiquity—by a Socrates, a Cicero, an Epictetus, and an Aurelius, were virtually the same.”

“I thus give my sentiments,” proceeds Mr. Stockdale, “and almost my conviction, to the public, without reserve, because I am satisfied by my best judgement, that the ability of man to ascertain, and practise all his duties, does not supersede the great advantages of the Christian Institution. To every good mind, to every mind that sincerely and ardently wishes to form a habitude of virtue and piety; the oracles of religion will dignify and evince the collateral dictates of reason with an awful sanction, with an irrefragable demonstration. And as life teems with calamity, how gloriously is the gloom of life penetrated and illuminated by the assurance which the gospel gives us of a future and eternal state; an assurance which could never be established on the mere principles of human reason? Here then we know what is right from the highest authority; and the promises of that omnipotent authority encourage us to act according to what we know—Even the virtuous man, who enjoys all the good things of this world; all the conveniences, all the refinements of art; all the consequence, all the information, all the entertainment, that we receive from society; whose liberty is without controul: who has the power to gratify every reasonable desire as soon as it is formed: even this man, though he must be as happy as a mortal *can* be here below, will often reflect on the vanity of transitory possession; and will often anticipate a future existence with unspeakable delight. But if we reverse this bright scene; if we view a person of a susceptible, elegant, and benevolent soul; whom a slow malady consumes, and whom the iron hand of penury makes a prisoner, and a slave; who is every day galled with the *stings*, and *arrows of outrageous fortune*; and whose frequent relief is, to drop a tear in solitude, and to look up to heaven with an eye of modest appeal, yet conscious that it merits a better fate; what a merciful solace, what a thrilling pleasure, must the certain prospect of a future

future existence afford to this person, so excellent, yet thus afflicted, and thus depressed! To say with Pope, *whatever is, is right*, without taking the immortality of the soul into the moral economy of God, is the greatest impiety to the Supreme Being; and the most absurd, barbarous, and exasperating inhumanity with which the *good Distressed*, the *noble-minded Few*, were ever insulted.

"But I offer not my opinion, of the purity, of the perfection of heathen morality, without a proper deference to those great men, both of the church and laity, whose judgement on this point is totally different from mine; who think the least exceptionable system of Greek or Roman ethics far inferior to the code of the gospel. Rousseau, too, in that part of his *Emilius* where he bestows a large and animated encomium on the precepts of Christ, pronounces the best of the ancient philosophers, in their theory of moral duties, deficient, selfish, often at variance with each other; and often inconsistent with themselves; and I beg leave to assure his admirers, whom I must always esteem, that, with sincere diffidence and humility, I acknowledge my comparative view of Christianity, and uninspired Philosophy, to be quite incompatible with that of my great and revered master in learning, as in imagination; that first luminary of genius, before whom all his contemporary intellectual stars *bide their diminished beads*.

"The reader will find that in these discourses, I have expatiated on an article of my religious belief, which will be less disputed than the opinion I have now advanced. That the means by which we are to secure eternal bliss, are most favourable to our interest, and yield us most pleasure in our temporary state, is one of my fixed, and invariable tenets; and in this tenet I am supported by the most liberal and enlightened writers on Ethics and Divinity. I will not, for many reasons, assert, that the most virtuous are always the most happy. Few moral propositions hold universally. Nor will I assert, that virtue naturally brings a spring-tide of prosperity; the gold of Peru, and the gems of Golconda;—but of this I am demonstratively convinced, that moral rectitude, or a practical observance of the laws of Christianity, procures us, far more generally than any other mode of conduct, not only all the necessities, but likewise the conveniencies and elegancies of life in that degree, which, as human nature is affected by externals, is most conducive to human happiness. We are told by the doating Monk and Hermit, that we are to obtain heaven by making ourselves miserable on earth; by a total neglect of domestic and public duties; by solitude, and gloom, and mortification; by a cruel, inflexible, and impious war with nature. But genuine sentiment; and reason, and Christianity, by which they are confirmed, hold a very different language: they tell us that the life which is approved by God, is an active, and a generous life; that if we would merit his favour here, and in a better world, we must direct and exert our understanding, our talents, our passions, for the *good* of society; by which conduct we promote and secure *our own*;—that religion is not crowned with cypress and with ivy, but with laurel and with roses;—that the cheerfulness, the gaiety, the mirth of a Christian are a most acceptable species of gratitude to his Creator; and that, when the virtuous man leaves earth for heaven, he ascends from an inferior to a higher degree

of happiness;—but that both are congenial, and that the one is naturally preparative to the other.”

In the close of his introduction, Mr. Stockdale expresses himself in very severe terms respecting Mr. Jenyns's last tract on Christianity.

“Before I conclude this introduction, I shall make some observations on a late publication, entitled, “A View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion.” I should wish to remove some gross errors, dishonourable to Christianity, which it may have impressed on very ingenuous minds who had not been habituated to read, and to reflect. This is my only motive for designing to animadvert on a book, which, of itself, is so miserable a performance, that it deserves not, on its own account, a more active notice than silent contempt. Some suffrages, however, very trivial, and despicable to those who have sense and spirit enough to think and judge for themselves, but very decisive with our human apes and parrots, have procured it a temporary fame, and consequently a temporary importance.”

Concerning this importance, after having exposed the futility and falsehood of some of Mr. Jenyns's arguments, he tells us, that,

“The book, as soon as it was published, met with a very favourable reception in the circle of majesty. Its authour was congratulated on his performance by his sovereign; the royal approbation was echoed round St. James's, and shot forth into applause. I am confident that a flash of transitory fame gratifies extremely the self-love of this authour; though it will always be despised by those who distinguish fashion from judgement; and who know with what strength, symmetry, and beauty, those literary productions are invigorated, and adorned, which confer immortality. A religious book, in which the authour endeavours to prove, that Christianity prescribes a poor, squalid, hermitical, and most rigorous life, was published by a writer, who pants for a ribbon; and admired by a court which is notorious for its love of pleasure, magnificence, and dominion.”

“The tracts of Mr. Jenyns,” adds Mr. Stockdale, “have a remarkable characteristick, which one would not envy their authour. They leave the mind of the reader in a state of uncertainty and confusion. Indeed, with regard to the merit of his last publication, I felt no suspense. It was evident, as I read, that the arguments were neither forcible, nor ingenious; and that the style was neither elegant, nor correct. Yet, even in consequence of perusing *this* treatise, I was in some degree embarrassed. I could not determine from what inducement it was written. I shall mention three motives; of which the authour must acknowledge one. 1. He wrote it, either from an honest zeal for the cause of truth, and religion; to show the mistaken world their Christian duty; 2. or as a timid, and ironical enemy of religion; to make it ridiculous, and contemptible. 3. If “The View of the Internal Evidences of the Christian Religion” was dictated by neither of these motives, it was written to quell the free spirit which yet remains in this country—to sink English minds to a torpor, a pusillanimity, a servile submission to the most unconstitutional mode of government

government with which we may be threatened—to sacrifice liberty and Christianity at the shrine of despotism. If he was actuated by the first motive, we have an infallible proof of the weakness of his head: if he was impelled by either of the last, I leave the proper epithet for his heart to the verdict of his conscience.”

The discourses themselves are in number six; and are, on the whole, sensibly and spiritedly written: the 1st treating of the advantages and pleasures of religion in this world—the 2d, On the good effects of perseverance in our moral and religious conduct—the 3d, On the distinctions between pride and a proper and manly spirit—the 4th, A miscellaneous discourse well calculated for the auditors to whom it was delivered on board his Majesty's ship the Resolution—the 5th and 6th, In defence of the Church of England against the sectaries. On this last subject our preacher expatiates with great warmth, and is very severe on the dissenters *. He lets fall, however, a sentiment of moderation toward the close of his last discourse; with which we shall take our leave of his present performance.

“When a man compares the general morals of two large classes, he should make the comparison concisely, and modestly; with a proper sense of his own imperfections, and faults. If we estimate fairly, and accurately, the dispositions, the habits, and the conduct of any two numerous bodies of men, I imagine we shall find that, on the whole, the one is not better than the other.”

A Voyage round the World, in his Britannic Majesty's Sloop, Resolution, commanded by Capt. James Cook, during the Years 1772, 3, 4, and 5. By George Forster, F. R. S. 2 vols. 4to. 2l. 2s. White.

(Continued from Page 226.)

Captain Cook, having but cursorily examined the southern extremities of New Zealand in his former voyage, was prevailed on by the beautiful prospects, which presented themselves from the land in Dufky Bay, to spend some time there, in order to

* Particularly on the celebrated Dr. Priestley, whom he singles out as the champion of the dissenters, and thus reproaches in an occasional note.

“I once heard Dr. Priestley preach at Mr. Lindsey's chapel in Essex-House. The substance of his sermon exhibited the moral deformity of acrimony, pride, and tyranny; and recommended universal mildness, benevolence, and good offices. All clergymen and spiritual teachers have their failings; most of them have their faults; and many, their vices as well as other men. I wish that some of these gentlemen, for the sake of decency, would not be so absurdly fond, as they often are, of declaiming against those vices, or faults, to which they themselves are addicted. It rather exercises Christian patience to hear a notorious high priest arraign pride, and inculcate humility.

Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?

JUVENAL.”

Vol. V.

R r

gain

gain a more competent knowledge of its situation and productions. From all the appearances of vegetable and animal nature, on his first going on shore, the voyagers apprehended this part of the coast to be uninhabited, but were soon undeceived in that conjecture.

"We had not been," says Mr. Forster, "above two days in this bay, before we found that our opinion of its being uninhabited was premature. On the 28th in the morning several of our officers went a shooting in a small boat, and on entering a cove two or three miles from the ship, perceived several natives upon a beach, who were about to launch their canoe. The New Zealanders halloo'd at their approach, and seemed by this means more numerous than they really were: the officers thought proper to return and acquaint the captain with their discovery; a step which they found the more necessary, as the weather was very rainy, and might, in case of danger, have prevented their pieces from going off. They were scarcely returned on board, when a canoe appeared off a point, at about a mile's distance from the sloop; there were seven or eight people in it, who looked at us for some time, but notwithstanding all the signs of friendship which we could make, such as calling to them to come to us, waving a white cloth, and promising beads, they did not care to come nearer, and paddled back again the same way they came. They appeared to be dressed in mats, and had broad paddles with which they managed their canoe, like the inhabitants in the northern parts of New-Zeeland. Captain Cook resolved to visit them in the afternoon, in order to quiet the apprehension which they seemed to have entertained. We went in two boats, accompanying him and several of the officers into the cove, where the natives had been first seen. Here we found a double canoe hauled upon the shore, near some old, low huts, about which we saw vestiges of fire-places, some fishing-nets, and a few scattered fish. The canoe which appeared to be old and in bad order, consisted of two troughs or boats joined together with sticks, tied across the gunwales with strings of the New Zealand flax-plant †. Each part consisted of planks sowed together with ropes made of the flax-plant, and had a carved head coarsely representing a human face, with eyes made of round pieces of ear-shell, which somewhat resembled mother of pearl. This canoe contained two paddles, a basket full of berries of the *coriaria ruscifolia* Lin. and some fishes; but the natives were not to be seen or heard, which gave us reason to believe that they had retired into the woods. To conciliate their good-will, we left some medals, looking-glasses, beads, &c. in the canoe, and embarked again after a short stay. We then rowed to the head of the cove, in order to survey it, where we found a fine brook of fresh water coming down on a flat beach, from whence the water continued shallow to a considerable extent, so that our boat ran aground several times. Ducks, shags, black oyster-catchers, and some sorts of plovers, were very numerous here.

* We shall always make use of this word to signify an Indian embarkation, unless we mean to describe or specify it more particularly.

† See Hawkesworth's compilation, vol. III. p. 443.

At our return we visited the canoe again, added a hatchet to the other presents which we had left before, and to shew the use of it, we cut several chips out of a tree, and left it sticking there. No natives appeared this second time, though we imagined they could not be far off, as we thought we could smell the smoke of a fire. However, captain Cook desisted at present from searching in the woods, since they purposely avoided us, and choosing to leave it to time and their own free will to cultivate an intercourse with us, he returned on board late in the evening."

On a subsequent landing the voyagers made farther advances towards an intimacy with the natives.

"Early on the 6th, several of the officers went into the cove, which the captain had discovered on the 2d; and the latter, accompanied by Mr. Hodges, Dr. Sparrman, my father, and myself, proceeded in another boat, to continue the survey of the bay, to copy views from nature, and to search for the natural productions of the country. We directed our course to the north side, where we found a fine spacious cove, from which we had not the least prospect of the sea. Along its steep shores we observed several small but beautiful cascades, which fell from vast heights, and greatly improved the scene; they gushed out through the midst of the woods, and at last fell into a clear column, to which a ship might lie so near, as to fill her casks on board with the greatest safety, by means of a leather tube, which the sailors call a hose. At the bottom there was a shallow muddy part, with a little beach of shell-sand, and a brook, as in all the greater coves of the bay. In this fine place, we found a number of wild fowl, and particularly wild ducks, of which we shot fourteen, from whence we gave it the name of Duck Cove. As we were returning home we heard a loud hallooing on the rocky point of an island, which on this occasion obtained the name of Indian Island; and standing in to the shore, we perceived one of the natives, from whom this noise proceeded. He stood with a club or battle-axe in his hand, on a projecting point, and behind him on the skirts of the wood we saw two women each of them having a long spear. When our boat came to the root of the rock, we called to him, in the language of Tahitee, *tayo, barre mai*, "friend, come hither;" he did not, however, stir from his post, but held a long speech, at certain intervals pronouncing it with great earnestness and vehemence, and swinging round his club, on which he leaned at other times. Captain Cook went to the head of the boat, called to him in a friendly manner, and threw him his own and some other handkerchiefs, which he would not pick up. The captain then taking some sheets of white paper in his hand, landed on the rock unarmed, and held the paper out to the native. The man now trembled very visibly, and having exhibited strong marks of fear in his countenance, took the paper: upon which captain Cook coming up to him, took hold of his hand, and embraced him, touching the man's nose with his own, which is their mode of salutation. His apprehension was by no means dissipated, and he called to the two women, who came and joined him, while several of us landed to keep the captain company. A short conversation ensued, of which very little was understood on both sides, for want of a compe-

gain a more competent knowledge of its situation and productions. From all the appearances of vegetable and animal nature, on his first going on shore, the voyagers apprehended this part of the coast to be uninhabited, but were soon undeceived in that conjecture.

"We had not been," says Mr. Forster, "above two days in this bay, before we found that our opinion of its being uninhabited was premature. On the 28th in the morning several of our officers went a shooting in a small boat, and on entering a cove two or three miles from the ship, perceived several natives upon a beach, who were about to launch their canoe. The New Zealanders halloo'd at their approach, and seemed by this means more numerous than they really were: the officers thought proper to return and acquaint the captain with their discovery; a step which they found the more necessary, as the weather was very rainy, and might, in case of danger, have prevented their pieces from going off. They were scarcely returned on board, when a canoe * appeared off a point, at about a mile's distance from the sloop; there were seven or eight people in it, who looked at us for some time, but notwithstanding all the signs of friendship which we could make, such as calling to them to come to us, waving a white cloth, and promising beads, they did not care to come nearer, and paddled back again the same way they came. They appeared to be dressed in mats, and had broad paddles with which they managed their canoe, like the inhabitants in the northern parts of New-Zeeland. Captain Cook resolved to visit them in the afternoon, in order to quiet the apprehension which they seemed to have entertained. We went in two boats, accompanying him and several of the officers into the cove, where the natives had been first seen. Here we found a double canoe hauled upon the shore, near some old, low huts, about which we saw vestiges of fire-places, some fishing-nets, and a few scattered fish. The canoe which appeared to be old and in bad order, consisted of two troughs or boats joined together with sticks, tied across the gunwales with strings of the New Zealand flax-plant †. Each part consisted of planks sowed together with ropes made of the flax-plant, and had a carved head coarsely representing a human face, with eyes made of round pieces of ear-shell, which somewhat resembled mother of pearl. This canoe contained two paddles, a basket full of berries of the *coriaria rufifolia* Lin. and some fishes; but the natives were not to be seen or heard, which gave us reason to believe that they had retired into the woods. To conciliate their good-will, we left some medals, looking-glasses, beads, &c. in the canoe, and embarked again after a short stay. We then rowed to the head of the cove, in order to survey it, where we found a fine brook of fresh water coming down on a flat beach, from whence the water continued shallow to a considerable extent, so that our boat ran aground several times. Ducks, shags, black oyster-catchers, and some sorts of plovers, were very numerous here.

* We shall always make use of this word to signify an Indian embarkation, unless we mean to describe or specify it more particularly.

† See Hawkesworth's compilation, vol. III. p. 443.

At our return we visited the canoe again, added a hatchet to the other presents which we had left before, and to shew the use of it, we cut several chips out of a tree, and left it sticking there. No natives appeared this second time, though we imagined they could not be far off, as we thought we could smell the smoke of a fire. However, captain Cook desisted at present from searching in the woods, since they purposely avoided us, and choosing to leave it to time and their own free will to cultivate an intercourse with us, he returned on board late in the evening."

On a subsequent landing the voyagers made farther advances towards an intimacy with the natives.

"Early on the 6th, several of the officers went into the cove, which the captain had discovered on the 2d; and the latter, accompanied by Mr. Hodges, Dr. Sparrman, my father, and myself, proceeded in another boat, to continue the survey of the bay, to copy views from nature, and to search for the natural productions of the country. We directed our course to the north side, where we found a fine spacious cove, from which we had not the least prospect of the sea. Along its steep shores we observed several small but beautiful cascades, which fell from vast heights, and greatly improved the scene; they gushed out through the midst of the woods, and at last fell into a clear column, to which a ship might lie so near, as to fill her casks on board with the greatest safety, by means of a leather tube, which the sailors call a hose. At the bottom there was a shallow muddy part, with a little beach of shell-sand, and a brook, as in all the greater coves of the bay. In this fine place, we found a number of wild fowl, and particularly wild ducks, of which we shot fourteen, from whence we gave it the name of Duck Cove. As we were returning home we heard a loud hallooing on the rocky point of an island, which on this occasion obtained the name of Indian Island; and standing in to the shore, we perceived one of the natives, from whom this noise proceeded. He stood with a club or battle-axe in his hand, on a projecting point, and behind him on the skirts of the wood we saw two women each of them having a long spear. When our boat came to the root of the rock, we called to him, in the language of Tahitee, *tayo, ha're mai*, "friend, come hither;" he did not, however, stir from his post, but held a long speech, at certain intervals pronouncing it with great earnestness and vehemence, and swinging round his club, on which he leaned at other times. Captain Cook went to the head of the boat, called to him in a friendly manner, and threw him his own and some other handkerchiefs, which he would not pick up. The captain then taking some sheets of white paper in his hand, landed on the rock unarmed, and held the paper out to the native. The man now trembled very visibly, and having exhibited strong marks of fear in his countenance, took the paper: upon which captain Cook coming up to him, took hold of his hand, and embraced him, touching the man's nose with his own, which is their mode of salutation. His apprehension was by no means dissipated, and he called to the two women, who came and joined him, while several of us landed to keep the captain company. A short conversation ensued, of which very little was understood on both sides, for want of a compe-

tent knowledge of the language. Mr. Hodges immediately took sketches of their countenances, and their gestures shewed that they clearly understood what he was doing; on which they called him *tā-tā*, that term being probably applicable to the imitative arts. The man's countenance was very pleasing and open; one of the women, which we afterwards believed to be his daughter, was not wholly so disagreeable as one might have expected in New-Zeeland, but the other was remarkably ugly, and had a prodigious excrescence on her upper lip. They were all of a dark brown or olive complexion: their hair was black, and curling, and smeared with oil and ruddle; the man wore his tied upon the crown of the head, but the women had it cut short. Their bodies were tolerably well proportioned in the upper part; but they had remarkably slender, ill-made, and bandy legs, their dress consisted of mats made of the New Zealand flax-plant*, interwoven with feathers; and in their ears they wore small pieces of white albatross skins stained with ruddle or ochre. We offered them some fishes and wild fowl, but they threw them back to us, intimating that they did not want provisions. The approaching night obliged us to retire, not without promising our new friends a visit the next morning. The man remained silent, and looked after us with composure and great attention, which seemed to speak a profound meditation; but the youngest of the two women, whose vociferous volubility of tongue exceeded every thing we have met with, began to dance at our departure, and continued to be as loud as ever. Our seamen passed several coarse jests on this occasion, but nothing was more obvious to us than the general drift of nature, which not only provided man with a partner to alleviate his cares and sweeten his labours, but endowed that partner likewise with a desire of pleasing by a superior degree of vivacity and affability.

"The next morning we returned to the natives, and presented them with several articles which we had brought with us for that purpose. But so much was the judgment of the man superior to that of his countrymen, and most of the South Sea nations†, that he received almost every thing with indifference, except what he immediately conceived the use of, such as hatchets and large spike-nails. At this interview he introduced his whole family to us, consisting of two women, whom we supposed to be his wives; a young woman, a boy about fourteen years of age, and three smaller children, of which the youngest was at the breast. One of the wives had the excrescence or wen on the upper lip, and was evidently neglected by the man, probably on account of her disagreeable appearance. They conducted us soon after to their habitation which lay but a few yards within the wood, on a low hill, and consisted of two mean huts, made of a few sticks thatched with unprepared leaves of the flax-plant, and covered with the bark of trees. In return for our presents they parted with several of their ornaments and weapons, particularly the battle-axes, but they did not choose to give us their spears. When we were preparing to re-embark, the man came to the water-side, and presented to Captain Cook a dress made of

* See Hawkesworth's Compilation, vol. III. p. 443.

† See Hawkesworth's Compilation.

the flax plant, a belt of weeds, some beads made of a little bird's bones, and some albatross skins. We were at first of opinion that these were only intended as a retribution for what he had received, but he soon undeceived us by shewing a strong desire of possessing one of our boat-cloaks*. We were not charitable enough to part with our cloaths, when we knew the deficiency could not be supplied again; but as soon as we came on board, captain Cook ordered a large cloak to be made of red baize, which we brought to the man at our next visit.

"The rain prevented our going to him the next morning, but in the afternoon, the weather being a little more promising, we returned to Indian Island. However, at our approach, instead of being welcomed by the natives on the shore, we saw none of them, and received no answer when we shouted to them. We landed therefore, and, having proceeded to their habitation, soon found the reason of this unusual behaviour. They were preparing to receive us in all their finery, some being already completely adorned, and others still busy in dressing. Their hair was combed, tied on the crown of the head, and anointed with oil or grease; white feathers were stuck in at the top; some had fillets of white feathers all round the head, and others wore pieces of an albatross skin, with its fine white down in their ears. Thus fitted out, they shouted at our approach, and received us standing, with marks of friendship and courtesy. The captain wore the new cloak of baize on his shoulders, and now took it off and presented the man with it; he, on his part, seemed so much pleased with it, that he immediately drew out of his girdle a pattoo-pattoo, or short flat club made of a great fish's bone, and gave it to the captain in return for so valuable an acquisition."

Capt. Cook paid another visit in the course of this voyage to New Zealand; as also to the Society and Friendly Islands; in which trip he made the discovery of other islands, which he denominated the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, &c. After this he returned again to New Zealand, whence he took his departure to Tierra del Fuego, and thence to the Cape of Good Hope. In this course our voyagers made the discovery of lands to the southward, in the lat. 54, which they honoured with the name of Southern Georgia, in reference to the name of the munificent monarch under whose patronage this expedition had been set on foot,

W.

* Boat-cloaks are commonly of prodigious dimensions and great width, so that the whole body may be wrapped in them several times.

The Modern Traveller; being a Collection of useful and entertaining Travels, lately made into various Countries: the Whole carefully abridged: exhibiting a View of the Manners, Religion, Government, Arts, Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce of the known World. Illustrated with Maps and Ornamental Views. 6 Vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s. Lowndes.

It is justly observed, by the editor of these volumes, that no species of writing is more useful and entertaining than narratives of voyages and travels. As these, however, are, for the most part prolix and voluminous, a judicious abridgement must, on many accounts, lay claim to preference.

"I have read," says he, "all the writers of travels carefully, and considered, with due attention, those circumstances which may be esteemed of undeniable consequence; and in the works now abridged, I have omitted no accounts, which I think of such; or which the reader would not find in books already published, and perhaps in his possession.

"All matters relative to the agriculture, manufactures, commerce, general wealth, and state of a people, are here carefully preserved.

"Accounts of the expences of living, and the rates of provisions, being very useful both in a publick and private light, are also retained.

"Criticisms on the productions of the fine arts are paid due attention to; when they are evidently *ingenious* or *new*; also on new buildings, &c. that have not been described by former travellers.

"Particulars relative to the manners and customs of different nations, are also retained, when they are striking and peculiar; and not already before the public in former books.

"And, to render the whole the more useful, I have ventured to add such observations on the result of some of the journeys as were called for by the particulars, pointing out wherein the author has been most useful in his enquiries.

"The reader may, in some articles, be surprized to see so little taken from certain travellers; but if he is at the trouble of turning over the originals, he will not, I flatter myself, lay the whole blame on me—and he will find no reason for regretting the reduction of near twenty guineas worth of books into the compass of as many shillings."

That this latter consideration will have its weight with a great number of readers, we have no manner of doubt. We are not, however, quite convinced of the propriety of rendering reading so cheap, or that the manufacture of books is not already carried to extremes.

We have, in the Metropolis, Yorkshire book-warehouses, after the example of Yorkshire shoe-warehouses, where editions of our best authors are advertised to be sold at *half-price*. Can it be otherwise expected than that for half-price the public must be served with half-books!—Not that we mean to put such professed

professed abstracts as that before us, on a footing with such miserably mutilated editions of our English Classics; with which certain hedge presses of the North have lately overwhelmed us. As a continued inundation of such Goth-and-Vandal productions, however, threatens us, we cannot, in honour and conscience, as literary caterers for the public, forbear entering our protest against them, with a *covent amptor*.

If the present publication take any share of this reflection, it does not appear to be owing to the design or execution of the typographical part of the scheme; we wish we could with justice equally commend the literary execution of it. But in this, the compiler appears to have been too precipitate in his contractions: a want of connection being sometimes too apparent, from the neglect of supplying the chasm of perhaps necessary omissions.—On a new edition, we would recommend a little attention to this circumstance; which may render this entertaining compilation one of the most useful and instructive, as it is one of the cheapest, publications extant.

R.

Sentiments on Education, collected from the best Writers; properly methodized, and interspersed with occasional Observations. By John Ash, LL. D. 2 Vols. 12mo. 6s. Dilly.

That we may not misrepresent the design of this author, which we do not think happily expressed in his title, we shall give it our readers in the words of his prefixed advertisement.

“The subject proposed in the following sheets, so far as the sciences have their concern in it, has been treated with sufficient precision by the numerous authors who have assiduously laboured in this department. Nor has it been less cultivated, though perhaps with less success, by those ingenious writers, who have entered more deeply into the philosophy of the human heart, and the various influence of precept and example on the minds and manners of young people.

“The author of these volumes has endeavoured to connect these different views of the subject in a regular series; and to steer the middle course between the rigid formality of the didactic, and the looser harangue of the panegyric.

“The title prefixed, and the table of contents, may, perhaps, be sufficiently expressive of the general design. The arrangement of the first volume is chiefly scientific, and therefore more especially adapted to the gentlemen: that of the second is rather sentimental, as it respects the different tempers of the mind, in connection with the correspondent cast of the behaviour, and is more directly addressed to the ladies. But, as the modes of instruction for both sexes are found to coincide in a variety of particulars, a more perfect distinction, in the two volumes, if practicable, was thought unnecessary.

“The

“ The idea of originality on such a laboured subject, if once suggested, would have been treated, by the author, as presumptuous and chimerical. He found himself therefore under no temptation to keep up the appearance, where the reality could not be expected. His own observations, if they may with any propriety be called his own, serve only to connect and elucidate the several parts of the subject. In a few instances, indeed, he has presumed to differ from very respectable authorities, and thought himself sufficiently justified in so doing. Where he has introduced the sentiments of authors of established reputation, he has done it, for the most part, with little variation, in their own words; which, it was thought, upon the whole, would be much more satisfactory, and give greater weight and authority to the work, than it could have acquired, from the same sentiments, introduced in a more mutilated or disguised form.”

The contents of the first volume are as follow.—On teaching to read—On teaching Grammar—On the Art of Writing—On Drawing—On common Arithmetic—On Geometry—On Geography—On Astronomy—On Chronology—On Music—On Rhetoric—On a Course of Reading—On public Speaking—On Trade and Commerce.

The reader will readily conceive that such a variety of topics can in so small a volume be treated only in a concise manner. As the author, however, judiciously refers, at the close of each subject, to the best writers, for more particular information, his work may serve as a useful introduction to the several branches of knowledge it treats of; leaving the learner to his choice or propensity to pursue farther any one in particular, while it gives a pretty competent idea of them all.—The subjects of the second volume are, Female Accomplishments—Modesty—The Government of the Passions—Epistolary Correspondence—Subordination in Society—Behaviour in Social and Civil Life—Love and Marriage—The Management of a Family—Religion.—On all which Dr. Ash has selected the most pertinent sentiments that are to be met with in the best writers in our language. On the whole we recommend this compilation as one of the most useful, agreeable, elementary tracts, that can be put into the hands of youth of both sexes, whether under a course of regular education, or desirous of supplying the want of it.

S.

Poetical Excursions in the Isle of Wight. 4to. 2s. 6d. Conant.

To this performance is prefixed a very extraordinary dedication to *Lord Camden*; whom the author affects to admire for a singular reason, his having been honoured with the cen-
sure

ture and calumny of *Administration*. Of himself he speaks in full as singular a strain.

“Should I, in *my* Situation, with my Feelings, and with my dear-bought Knowledge, insult you with a foolish Flattery, that couched no selfish Design; or should I endeavour to win you to my Interest by an artful Panegyrick, I should be particularly, and wantonly criminal. I am formed by Nature with a Love of social Pleasure; and perhaps with a Taste for social Elegance: yet it hath pleased Providence always to assign me very humble Accommodations; and *He* hath obliged me to pass many of my Hours in Conversation with myself. When Wisdom cannot persuade us, my Lord, Habit compels us to adopt a Degree of Philosophy. I feel my Spirit every Day exalted nearer to Independence; and I am happy in this Improvement, though the Cause of my moral Discipline is not very soothing to my Vanity. In the severe, but salutary School of Adversity, I found that my Existence was to be supported, adorned, and recreated by internal Supplies. Hence I endeavoured, as far as I was permitted by my Abilities, and my precarious, fluctuating, and limited Situations, to expand, enrich, and invigorate my Mind. In the Effects of my Endeavours I have not been disappointed. In the worst of Seasons, they have been my active, my noble, my exhilarating Resources. While, in very trying Emergencies, I have enjoyed the Dignity of Reason, and the Luxury of Imagination, I have looked with Pity, from my homely Solitude, on the glittering Slaves of Wealth, and Grandeur. Surely *that* Man has not lived in vain, who, in a licentious, and venal Age, can be happy without sensual Pleasure, and who fears not the Frown of a Tyrant.”

Whether this author hints at any particular personage, under the name of tyrant, we presume not to guess. We could wish, however, he had been a little more explicit in some parts of this curious dedication. It is, to be sure, mortifying to so dignified and independent a spirit, to confess subjection to principalities and powers; it is, therefore, with consistency he styles himself *a subject of the English Constitution*. He is too high-spirited, we suppose, to own himself a subject of the king. We hope, of course, for the honour of his independency, that he does not eat the king's bread or receive the king's pay; if he does, he might have expressed himself more modestly.—As to the performance itself, his *poetical excursions* are full as eccentric and extravagant as are his *political* ones.

* * *

Reliques of Genius. By the late Rev. Mr. Ryan. Small 8vo. 3s. Dilly.

In a well-penned advertisement, prefixed to this Miscellany, we have the following account of the author.

“Everhard Ryan, author of the following Essays, was the son of a gentleman of small fortune in the North of England. Having discovered

vered early in life an affection for letters, he was educated for the church. The gentleness of his disposition, and the elegance of his fancy, led him to prefer those kinds of literature that were of a congenial nature: and his favourite studies were moral philosophy, poetry, history, and criticism. He was intimately acquainted with the Greek and Roman writers; and had formed his taste on these excellent models. In his temper and character, he joined to the most perfect integrity the warmest affections. His sensibility indeed was too exquisite, and exposed him to real, and perhaps to some imaginary sufferings. He seemed a plant of a texture too delicate for the storms and inclemencies of the world in which he was born. His father's fortune being small, his chief dependence for an establishment in life, was in the patronage of some distant relations, persons of wealth and of interest. Some of these he lost, by untimely death; and others in a manner perhaps more painful, by a change of affections unmerited and unaccountable. He is now where no favour of men can do him service, and no unkindness can give him pain. Of a constitution not very robust, of feelings too exquisitely alive, and ill-fitted to bustle among the candidates for wealth and preferment, he fell into a lingering disorder, that in his twenty-fifth year, put a period to his life.—The following Essays lay by him a considerable time; and, according to the suggestions of his friends, and of his own excellent taste, they received occasional correction. They are now offered to the public by a person who wishes to do honour to his memory, who was intimate with him from his earliest years, and who will cherish to the latest hour of his life, the remembrance of his elegant conversation, and amiable manner."

The *Reliques of this Genius*, here published, are eleven in number, six in verse and five in prose. Our readers may form some idea, of the poetical abilities of the author, from the first; which we select, as a proof that the editor has not been altogether partial to the talents of his deceased friend.

UTHER, and the SON of OWEN.

An O D E.

" Foster'd by fountains and cascades,
 Issuing from woody hills and glades,
 How pleasant, through this smiling vale,
 Thy streams, meandering river, steal!
 Delightful, on thy margin gay,
 The pastoral melodies are heard—
 Doletfully flow'd the tuneful lay
 Erewhile, when UTHUR's bloody sword was bar'd.
 Down the green valley, vengeful as he pass'd,
 Death, smiling grimly, rode th' afflicted blast.
 Fly, son of hoary OWEN, fly!
 The gloomy ravager draws nigh.
 The ravening wolf, intent on death,
 On thee will wreck his envious wrath.

In vain, intrepid boy, in vain
Thy ardour, and thy polish'd bow;
Thy ruddy hue, thy tuneful strain,
To brave, or mitigate the savage foe.
Wild, as the desert's unrelenting brood,
He hastes to wallow in thy youthful blood.

Why would the lovely BELA praise
Thy bloom? thy pleasing form approve?
Or thou indulge, in tender gaze,
The melting sympathies of love?
A desperate rival, fierce with jealous fires,
UTHER pursues thee, and thy life requires.

"Nor long be the pursuit!" he cry'd,
"I scorn his menace and his pride.
"No, never shall fierce UTHUR tell
"The son of OWEN basely fell,
"Or basely fled. Despise me, thou
"So powerful with thy piercing eyes,
"If, by the terror of his brow
"Aw'd, or subdu'd, my truant spirit dies.
"Sooner the breathing of the western gale
"Shall tear the forest from the shelter'd vale."

Alas, lamented boy, no more
Along the lake's resounding shore,
Rous'd by the hunter's winding horn,
Wilt thou anticipate the morn:
Nor ever shall the vocal glade
Thy song at evening hour resound.—
Behold! beneath the green-wood shade
The red flood gushes from his swelling wound:
His hoary fire, beside th' untimely bier,
Bending in anguish, sheds the silent tear.

Soft from the hill, what voice of woe
Pours on the gale its plaintive strain?
Thy tears, afflicted maiden, flow,
Washing thy lovely cheek in vain.
Long shall the breezes waft thy mournful sighs,
Bleeding and pale the son of OWEN lies."

The subjects of the other poems are, The Power of Absence—A Hymn to Industry—The Genealogy of Winter—An Epitaph on General Wolfe—A Farewell to Poetry.—The titles of the prosaic are, The Ruin of Albert, a Tale—The Woes of Alcinoë—The Progress of Ambition—The Dupe, a Character—Observations on one of the Odes of Horace.—In the last piece the author endeavours to exculpate Horace from the charge of want of connection, brought against him by Lord Kaimes in his Elements of Criticism, and instanced in the 13th Ode of the Second Book.—We are not of opinion, however, that he has fully obviated that excellent critic's objections.

W.

A Lute

A Letter to a New Married Lady. By Mrs. Chapone, Author of the Letters on the Improvement of the Mind, &c. 12mo. 6d. Dilly.

We cannot too warmly recommend this pertinent and sensible epistle; it being as well adapted to the occasion as worthy of the elegant pen of the writer. The quotation of a single paragraph, in which Mrs. Chapone very properly differs from Dean Swift, on the same subject, may not displease our readers.

"I cannot but flatter myself that ladies are mightily improved since the time when Dean Swift (writing on the same occasion that I do now) exhorts his fair pupil to make no friendships with any of her own sex. This is, in effect, forbidding her to make any friendships at all; for, the world, with very good reason, tolerates no male friends at your age, excepting your nearest relations. The rules of decorum in such points are founded on a knowledge of human nature, which young women cannot have attained, and are therefore apt to despise such rules, as founded on base ideas of the nature of friendship, or of the hearts that entertain it. But one would have supposed that the Dean had lived long enough in the world, and thought ill enough of mankind to have been convinced of the impropriety of a young lady's making her strictest intimacies and confidential attachments with persons of the other sex. But, setting aside the danger to her reputation and even to her morals, surely a woman who despised her own sex, and would converse with none but men, would be not less ridiculous than a man who should pass his whole time among women. Like the monkey in the fable, she would stand a chance of being rejected and disowned by both species. The reasons the Dean gives for this preposterous advice, if ever founded in truth, are certainly so no longer. You may find advantages in the conversation of many ladies, if not equal to those which men are qualified to give, yet equal at least to what you, as a female, are capable of receiving. Yet in one point the Dean and I agree; in recommending your husband to be your first and dearest friend, and his judgement to be consulted in the choice of every new one you may hereafter make."

This letter is added to the third edition of Mrs. Chapone's Letters on the Improvement of the Mind just published.

* * *

A Letter to Adam Smith, LL. D. on the Life, Death, and Philosophy, of his Friend David Hume, Esq. By one of the People called Christians. 12mo. 1s. Oxford, Prince.

This writer remonstrates, with Dr. Smith, on the subject of his letter to Mr. Strahan, annexed to Mr. Hume's account of his own life lately published *.

* See London Review for March, page 198.

"Is it right," says he, "in you, Sir, to hold up to our view, as perfectly wise and virtuous *, the character and conduct of one, who seems to have been possessed with an incurable antipathy to all that is called RELIGION; and who strained every nerve to explode, suppress, and extirpate the spirit of it among men, that its very name, if he could effect it, might no more be had in remembrance? Are we, do you imagine, to be reconciled to a character of this sort, and fall in love with it, because its owner was *good company*, and knew how to manage his cards? Low as the age is fallen, I will venture to hope, it has grace enough yet left, to resent such usage as this.

"You endeavour to entertain us with some pleasant conceits that were supposed by Mr. HUME to pass between himself and old CHARON. The philosopher tells the old gentleman, that "he had been endeavouring to open the eyes of the Public;" that he was "correcting his works for a new edition," from which great things were to be expected; in short, "if he could but live a few years longer (and that was the only reason why he would wish to do so) he might have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition †."

"We all know, Sir, what the word SUPERSTITION denotes, in Mr. HUME's vocabulary, and against what Religion his thais are levelled, under that name. But, Doctor SMITH, do you believe, or would you have us to believe, that it is CHARON, who calls us out of the world, at the appointed time? Doth not HE call us out of it, who sent us into it? Let me, then, present you with a paraphrase of the Wish, as addressed to HIM, to whom it should, and to whom alone, with any sense and propriety, it can be addressed.—Thus it runs—

"LORD, I have only one reason why I would wish to live. Suffer me so to do, I most humbly beseech thee, yet a little while, till mine eyes shall behold the success of my undertaking to overthrow, by my metaphysics, the faith which thy son descended from heaven to plant, and to root out the knowledge and the love of thee from the earth."

"Here are no rhetorical figures, no hyperboles, or exaggerations. The matter is even so. I appeal, in the face of the world, Sir, to yourself, and to every man, who can read and understand the writings of Mr. HUME, whether this be not, in plain, honest English, the drift of his philosophy, as it is called; for the propagation of which alone he wished to live; and concerning which you are pleased to say coolly, "men will judge variously, every one approving or condemning these opinions, according as they happen to coincide or disagree with his own ‡." Our thoughts are very naturally carried back, upon this occasion, to the author of the *first philosophy*, who likewise engaged to open the eyes of the Public—He did so; but the only discovery they found themselves able to make, was,—that they were NAKED."

We leave to the advocates of Mr. Hume and his philosophy to determine whether or not this letter-writer has here stated the case as it really is, in justification of the sarcastical severity which pervades the whole of this little performance.

* * *

* Life, &c. p. 62.

† Ibid. &c. p. 50.

‡ Ibid. &c. p. 59.

An Essay, concerning the Publication of Works, on Science and Literature, by Subscription. Inscribed to the Nobility and Gentry of England, By Thomas Malton, Author of the Compleat Treatise on Perspective, in Folio. To which is added, A true Case, between that Author, his Printer and Paper-Merchant. Folio, 1s. 6d.

Mr. Malton, tho he admits that few gentlemen even know what *perspective* is, appears to be very angry that they have not the same high opinion of his valuable treatise as he has himself; and indeed as, we own, it in a great measure, deserves. But would he have every gentleman take an author's own word for the merit of his book? Would he, himself, buy a pig in a poke, thus? Have patience, good Mr. Malton, and be content to be treated like other authors, many of them of merit *at least* as distinguished as yours.—When you are dead and buried, and your numerous family tolerably provided for, the world may begin to discover the merit of your book, and the booksellers may make something of it. Reflect that one of the first authors in our language could, in his life-time, get no more than fifteen pounds for a copy, by which the booksellers, even within our own memory, have made upwards of fifteen thousand.—When you left a profitable calling, to turn author, you should have reflected what you were about; but you sought reputation from the press, and must abide by the conditions of the obligation; which are, that every author, in consideration of his fame surviving to future generations, shall submit, during his natural life, to starve for the emolument of booksellers; or, if he presume to vend his books by subscription, to be insulted by the public, imposed on by his printer, and persecuted by his paper-merchant. All this is in the way of trade; and Mr. Malton has no right to complain. For his loss by the fire in the Savoy, as fellow-sufferers we are sorry for him; but, had not that happened, seriously his list of subscribers does him so much credit, and must have produced him so much profit, that we think his invectives on the nobility and gentry for not giving encouragement to his work, are, in a great degree, ill-founded. * * *

Characters of eminent Personages of his own Time, written by the late Earl of Chesterfield; and never before published. 12mo. 1s. Flexney.

These characters are mere sketches, the outlines of which are strong, but frequently false, and hit off at random. The personages who sat for them, are King George the 1st—Queen Caroline—Sir Robert Walpole—Mr. Pulteney—Lord Hardwicke—Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt.—What the editor means by

their not having been before published, we know not; as, we are much mistaken, if the greater part, and indeed the whole *, be not extracted *verbatim* from Lord Chesterfield's Letters, lately published.

* * *

An Examination of a Charge brought against Inoculation by De Haen, Raft, Dimsdale, and other Writers. By John Watkinson, M.D. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Johnson.

On the publication of this pamphlet we received the following letter; which supercedes the necessity of our entering on a particular review of it, ourselves.

To the AUTHORS of the LONDON REVIEW.

" Gentlemen,

" In your Review for May 1776, page 404, you introduced some account of Baron Dimsdale's " Thoughts on General and Partial Inoculation;" to which you added your opinion, " that the increase of deaths by the small-pox, is owing to the indiscreet use of inoculation;" and conclude, with the Baron, in discouraging the inoculation of the poor at their own houses, " as fraught with dangerous consequences to the community."

" The initiators of the plan for general inoculation, sensible that the best institutions were liable to censure, had carefully considered the objections that might be urged against it; and referred to experience for the full refutation of them. Dr. Watkinson, the ingenious author of " An Examination of a Charge brought against Inoculation," and physician in ordinary to the dispensary for general inoculation, has collected the result of this experience; which, I doubt not, will have more influence with you, than the mere opinion of any individual.

" After producing numerous testimonies in favour of general inoculation, Dr. Watkinson offers the following declaration, which I shall transcribe, as it coincides with my own experience.

" To these testimonies, the number of which might have been greatly augmented, I shall beg leave to subjoin my own. I have paid particular attention to the point in question, since the establishment of the dispensary for general inoculation; and can with truth affirm, that a single instance has not yet occurred in that charity, in which the contagion has been spread by an inoculated patient. Where the chance of spreading it has been apparently great, I have been very strict in my inquiries. In many cases the circumstances have been such, that if the apprehensions of a celebrated inoculator were well founded, the distemper must inevitably have been communicated.

" Some have been inoculated in narrow streets, in the midst of those who were obnoxious to the small-pox; and others in little courts, where, according to the common opinion, the danger of communicating the disease was much greater.

" In the latter case, the patient has sometimes been kept in a little room on the ground-floor, the door of which opened directly into

* We except the editor's notes, in which is inserted a very injurious and we believe groundless reflection on Mr. Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath.

" the

" the court, and in the day-time was seldom shut. Before this door, and within a few yards of the person inoculated, a number of children have continued to play during the whole course of the disorder; and, as has been already affirmed, without receiving the infection."

" From my office in the General Dispensary in Aldersgate-street, I have had numerous occasions of viewing the fatal effects of the natural small-pox among the poor, most of whom live in confined courts and narrow alleys, and whose houses contain as many families as rooms. When the natural small-pox breaks out in any of these miserable habitations, the progress and fatality of it are almost incredible: I have known two-thirds of the infected die by the disease, and this has more than once induced me to propose inoculation to the survivors in such close unventilated places, as the only means of stopping both the progress and fatality of infection; and I can add, that I have never been disappointed. When you reflect upon the important advantages to community of general inoculation, and the deserved reputation, of its antagonist, I doubt not but you will excuse the length of this letter, and my expressions of approbation of Dr. Watkinson's very ingenious and liberal defence of a practice, in which we see " human ingenuity opposing itself to the ravages of a dreadful disease, and the medical art triumphing, as it were, over the power of death."

JOHN COAKLEY LETTSOM.

We are much obliged to Dr. Lettsom for his friendly communications: he may recollect, however, that we inserted long since a letter from a governor of the hospital for inoculation, in which Baron Dimsdale's opinion, on whose reasoning and representation of facts ours was then founded, was controverted. The London Reviewers are not indeed so wedded to any opinion, as not to change it, on better information or the sanction of superior judgement.

W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * We are equally flattered by the Letters of MINOTUS and W. FRAIN; the one approving of our selection of copious extracts, the other giving the preference to our own occasional criticisms.—As it is our interest, however, to accommodate our work to all parties, we must beg leave to adopt exclusively the advice of none, and that for the reason which we adopt from the last-mentioned correspondent, *qui monet ut facias quod facis, ille laudat monendo.*

The Correspondent, who is displeased with us for not having reviewed Mr. Murphy's Comedy, entitled, *Know your own Mind*, which, he says, was advertised two months ago on the covers of the Monthly Review, is referred to the Author of the Advertisement, for the reason of its not being yet published. Of him, also, he may possibly learn that it is at present not intended to be published.

Mr. Marshall may have any of the Numbers of the 3d and 4th Volumes of the London Review, of Mr. Evans, the Publisher.—Vol. I. and II. being entirely out of print, cannot be had, till they are reprinted; which will be done with all convenient expedition.